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VOL. LXIII. 1647 TWOPENCE

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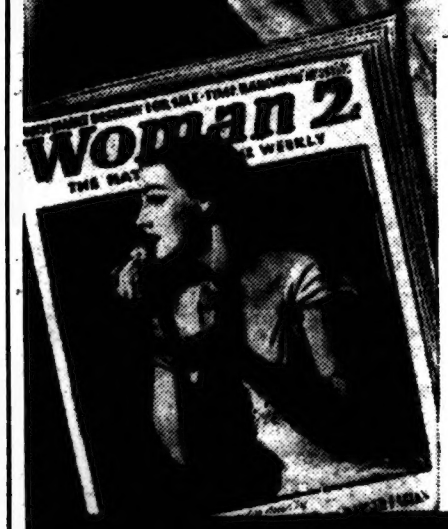

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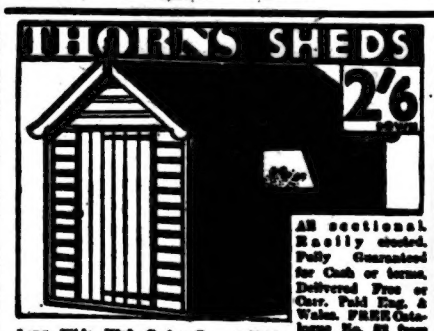

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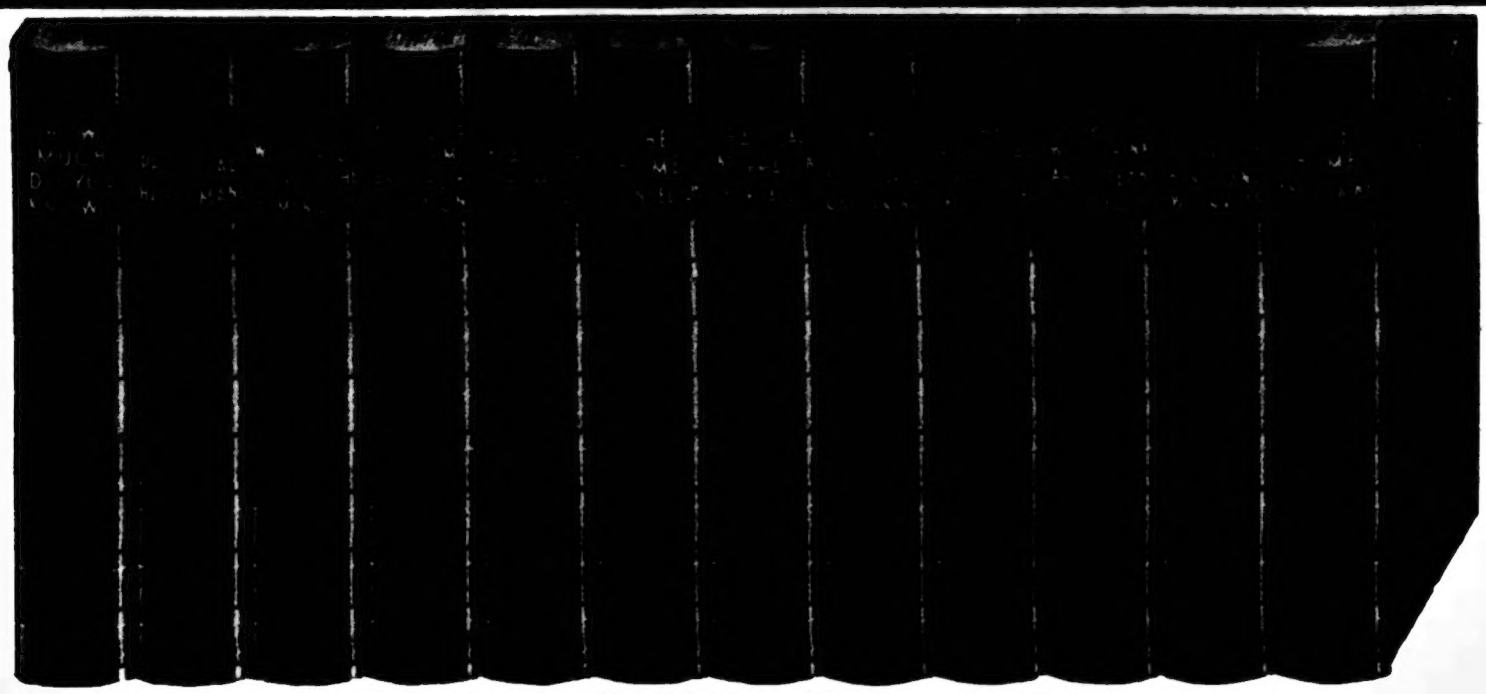

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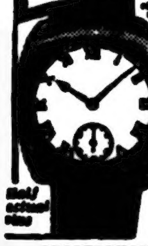

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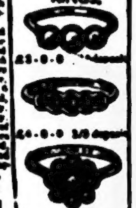

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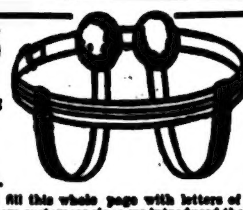

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We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are, without doubt, the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture. A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable.

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Genuine LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 5/-

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Another of our remarkable bargains! Genuine London Busmen's Trousers, only very slightly worn. Navy Blue Serge, thoroughly cleaned and pressed and in first-class condition. Reinforced seams, very strongly sewn. All fitted with new linings. Will outlast many other Trousers offered at three times the price, and are ideal for all men requiring a Garment for real hard wear and service. All sizes, 34 to 42in. Waist: usual leg lengths. THESE GARMENTS ACTUALLY COST 11/6 under contract, and being in first-class condition, and only slightly worn, are only very rarely available. Order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied.

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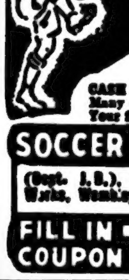

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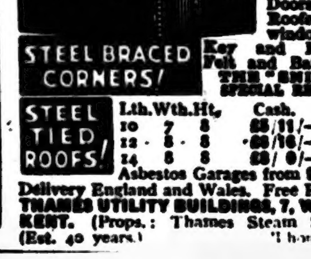

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COMPRISING:—
4 FT. WARDROBE
2 FT. 6 IN. GENT'S ROBE
DRESSING TABLE
& 4 FT. BEDSTEAD

SALE PRICE 10 GNS

10/- A MONTH FOR 23 MONTHS

List Price 18 Gns.

No. SP. 520.—A very handsome and distinctive design in richly figured Walnut, making effective use of contrast figurings. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted inside with 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and sliding hooks. 2 ft. 6 in. Gent's Robe, fitted with hat-shelf and revolving coat hooks. Large sunk-centre Dressing Table with Triple Mirrors. 4 ft. Bedstead to match. A high-grade production and a remarkable bargain at the price. 4-Piece Suite complete, 10 Gns.

Coil Spring, 1 Gn. Suite with Coil Spring, 24 Payments of 10/6

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.

This Suite supplied with 4ft. 6 in. Bedstead if required.

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4 PIECE SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

COMPRISING:—
4 FT. WARDROBE
DRESSING TABLE
CUPBOARD-CHEST
& 4 FT. BEDSTEAD

SALE PRICE 9 GNS

8/9 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

List Price 15 Gns.

Also supplied in Light Oak.

Suite complete with 4ft. Bedstead, 9 Gns.

No. SP. 522.—A handsome Exhibition Design in richly figured Oak with beautifully figured inlays in a lighter tone. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted inside with a half-shelves, hanger rails and hooks. Sunk-centre Dressing Table with large triple mirrors; and commodious cupboard-chest.

COIL SPRING 1 Gn. Suite with Coil Spring, 23 Payments of 10/-

Free Delivery in England and Wales.

6-PIECE DINING SET IN FIGURED OAK

List Price 12 Gns.

SALE PRICE 7½ GNS

7/6 A MONTH FOR 23 MONTHS

Also a few in Light Oak.

No. SP. 521.—Clear-cut modern design, solidly built in rich dark figured Oak and of high-grade workmanship and finish throughout. 4 ft. Sideboard, fitted with 2 large cupboards and 3 drawers (one baize lined and divided for cutlery). 5 ft. by 3 ft. Drawleaf Table and 4 Dining Chairs with loose seats covered in Rexine. A thoroughly sound production and a wonderful bargain at the price.

Free Delivery in England and Wales.

BED-SETTEE SUITE

IN GRAINED LEATHER CLOTH & RICH VELOUR

SETTEE OPENS TO A DOUBLE BED IN ONE EASY MOVEMENT

THIS SUITE CAN ALSO BE SUPPLIED IN TAPESTRY.

SALE PRICE BED-SETTEE 4½ GNS

No. SP. 551.—Modern designing and sound workmanship combined in a suite of real comfort and the greatest utility. Settee is 4 ft. 9 in. wide and opens to a comfortably sprung double-bed. Easy Chairs to match, 32 in. wide. The Suite upholstered in grained leather cloth in Blue, Brown, Red or Green, and luxurious Velours or Tapestries to tone.

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3-PIECE SUITE COMPLETE 9 GNS. OR 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 8/9

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.

3 PIECE SUITE IN TAPESTRY

FITTED WITH PULLMAN MULTI-SPRING SEAT CUSHIONS AND SOFT BACK CUSHIONS.

SALE PRICE 9 GNS

8/9 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

List Price 16 Gns.

No. SP. 504.—A luxurious Suite in a very popular modern design. Built on massive seasoned birch frames; well sprung and upholstered in hard-wearing Tapestries in Blue, Fawn, Green or Brown. The extra deep seats are fitted with Pullman multi-spring seat cushions and soft back cushions. Settee 57 in. wide. Easy Chairs 33½ in. wide.

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HUGE RANGES of HIGH-GRADE WALNUT & OAK BEDROOM SUITES LOUNGE & DINING SUITES... To be Cleared at 33⅓% to 50% off List Prices

REDUCTIONS!

POST ORDERS See foot of facing page.

4 PIECE SUITE IN FIGURED WALNUT

COMPRISING: 4 FT. WARDROBE ● DRESSING-TABLE ● 4-DRAWER CHEST & 4 FT. BEDSTEAD

SALE PRICE 9½ GNS

10/- A MONTH FOR 22 MONTHS

List Price 17 Gns.

No. SP. 935.—A high-grade production in rich dark figured Walnut. Sturdily built and perfectly finished in every detail and polished with a brilliant mirror finish. 4 ft. Wardrobe fitted with 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and sliding hooks. Triple-Mirror Dressing Table and large 4-drawer Chest. Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead, 24 Gns.

Free Delivery in England and Wales.

4 PIECE SUITE IN RICHLY FIGURED OAK

COMPRISING: 4 FT. WARDROBE ● DRESSING TABLE ● 4-DRAWER CHEST & 4 FT. BEDSTEAD

SALE PRICE 9½ GNS

10/- A MONTH FOR 22 MONTHS

List Price 16 Gns.

No. SP. 936.—A superior grade Suite of distinctive design and beautiful finish. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and sliding hooks. Handsome Double-Pedestal Dressing Table with large Triple-Mirror. Extra large 4-drawer Chest. Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead, 24 Gns. Free Delivery in England and Wales. THIS SUITE SUPPLIED WITH 4 ft. 6 in. BEDSTEAD IF REQUIRED.

Coil Spring, 1 Gn. Suite with Coil Spring, 24 Payments of 10/-.

3 PIECE SUITE IN VELOUR

ALSO AVAILABLE IN TAPESTRY.

LUXURIOUS 3 PIECE SUITE IN GRAINED LEATHER CLOTH

SALE PRICE 8½ GNS

8/3 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

List Price 14 Gns.

No. SP. 938.—A luxurious production in modern style, designed with extra deep seats and covered in rich patterned velours or Tapestries in Blues, Fawns, Browns or Greens. Well-sprung on seasoned birch frames and comfortably upholstered. Settee 57 in. wide. Easy Chairs 32½ in. wide. An unrepeatable offer. FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

List Price 15 Gns.

No. SP. 937.—A very comfortable Suite of unusual and attractive design. Soundly built on seasoned birch frames and upholstered in grained leather cloth in Blue, Brown, Red or Green with Velveteen seat cushions to tone. Settee 51 in. wide. Easy Chairs 32in. wide. A high-grade production and a wonderful Bargain at the price.

Free Delivery in England and Wales.

3 ft. SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

SALE PRICE 5 GNS

7/6 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

List Price 7 Gns.

No. SP. 934.—Sturdily built in figured Oak. 3 ft. Wardrobe fitted with 2 half-shelves, rails, hooks and mirror. Suite complete with Triple-Mirror Dressing Table and large Cupboard-Chest. 5 Gns. FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

3 ft. Bedstead and Coil Spring, 2 Gns. extra.

SALE PRICE 8½ GNS

8/3 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

3-PIECE SUITE IN REAL HIDE

WITH REXINE OUTSIDES

FITTED WITH PULLMAN MULTI-SPRING CUSHIONS

10/- A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

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ALSO A FEW IN BLUE OR GREEN HIDE.

List Price 18 Gns.

No. SP. 939.—Built on massive seasoned birch frames, well sprung and upholstered in real brown cowhide with rexine outsides. Seats fitted with Pullman cushions in Velveteen. Settee 51 in. wide. Easy Chairs 31 in. wide. A craftsman built suite of undoubted superiority, at an amazingly low price. FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.

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PACKETS
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'TRU-VAC' TINS (Sealed Air-tight)
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THEY NEVER VARY!

"And have you noticed how fresh they are? I am amazed at their consistent quality and freshness. Yes, as far as I am concerned I could not wish for a better cigarette than Craven 'A'. They protect my throat and satisfy my taste."

Made specially to prevent sore throats

CRAVEN PLAIN (WITHOUT CORK-TIP) — SAME FINE QUALITY AS CRAVEN 'A'
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JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 2468
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 8, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Labour Ministry's Sinister Marks More Promotions for Rankers 'Ware Foreign "Students"

TICKET-OF-LEAVE is going to end entirely—so far as it concerns the penal code.

Sir Samuel Hoare, who is devoting his holiday to working out his new Penal Reform Act, has finally turned down suggestions that he should merely modify this iniquitous system.

He is going to kill it outright instead. And so another JOHN BULL fight ends.

Labelled for Ever

But another fight begins. It concerns a far more wicked ticket-of-leave system.

That is the practice of stamping the case-papers of the unemployed with such words as "In custody 12-7-'31 to 15-7-'31," or "In prison 6-8-'36 to 10-9-'36."

Ticket-of-leave as applied by the penal system has an end. As applied by the Ministry of Labour it has no end. Those words are stamped on a man's case-papers for ever.

"In Custody"

See how it works. These are cases typical of thousands: cases we are prepared to amplify.

A Scottish unemployed man has been pursued for years by a conviction—thirty days—resulting from a drunken carousal.

Time and again his dreams of temporary work have faded when the manager of his exchange has pointed to the words "In custody."

Deadly Dossier

One man was not only shown the words "In prison." He noticed that all the newspaper cuttings relating to his conviction were pinned to his case-papers.

Sadder still the case of a man who, unbelievably distracted by this persecution, moved his family 200 miles to another town—to find that the dreaded words "In prison" had preceded them.

Any M.P. care to have fuller details?

That's Different

A body of M.P.s seeking to make changes in the Coal Bill, which the Government wants to rush through, has been told: "The Minister of Mines will permit no important amendment."

You see, they want to get a fair deal for you, the consumer.

Rate Summonses

Next month is February fill-dyke; this month, January fill-court, month in which hundreds of thousands of people are summoned for their rates.

The Won't-Pays and the Can't-Pays will rub shoulders in court listening to what is all too often mass-production justice.

May it be never so speedy that magistrates are unable to differentiate between them.

More Rankers

The Willingdon Committee, which has been considering the shortage of Army officers, is going to tell the War Office to promote more rankers.

More, indeed? Certainly there are 30 Sandhurst vacancies annually for men in the ranks, but most of those chosen, we find, are officers' sons.

Let a War Minister who rose from the political ranks see to it.

Horseless Army

First result of introducing new blood into the Army's High Command—a few thousand more horses are to go.

We learn that mounted cavalry units are to be reduced to four, total horse strength to 4,000 against 17,000 three years ago.

It may be plain sense. But, remembering the Somme, the thousands of horses and mules which carried the shells up through seas of mud, we wonder.

Dishing Unemployed

If, as we hear, £360-a-year first-grade clerks in the employ of the Glasgow Corporation are devoting their spare time earning second salaries as Post Office telephone operators, the sooner the Ministry of Labour sends the unemployment statistics to every official concerned the better.

Helping Contagion

A word to a very fine London hospital: Why make out-patients arriving for X-rays, many of them suffering from skin diseases, wear the same dressing-gowns over and over again?

None are encouraged to take their own. Some are snubbed for doing so.

Fit for Dustbin

Compelled by the sanitary inspector to strip one of his houses of innumerable sheets of filthy wallpaper and completely redecorate it, a vindictive landlord has stuck to the strict letter of the law and whitewashed the place throughout, cupboards, doors and all woodwork included.

We know what we would do with him if the sanitary inspector would lend us a dustbin.

Australia's Right

Message from inhabitants in New Hebrides—control of which Britain shares with France—tells us we intend to hand our share over to Australia.

Colonial Office refuses to confirm or deny.

The islands are close to Australia, so let us hope it is true. Sons have a habit of growing up, and mothers—even Mother Countries—mustn't be silly.

Alien "Students"

We have a strange Ministry of Labour. Point to the 15,000 foreign workers who come into British industry every year and it says: "Don't be absurd. They won't steal jobs. They're students."

Well, some Japanese students came here once.

When they went back, some healthy industries went with them. Ask any out-of-work cotton operative.

Our Hint

Mr. Hore-Belisha was the Transport Minister who gave lorry drivers increased rest and the public increased safety.

But does he know, as War Minister, that some commanding officers compel Army lorry drivers to do a night's guard and then take their juggernauts on the public highway at 9 a.m.? We do.

Where Patriotism Lags

You know how dreadfully urgent this rearmament business is.

Yet it has been held up by our armament makers in the last twelve months to the extent of the £8,000,000 worth of torpedoes, mines, and so on, they have made, for bigger profits, for foreign countries.

Patriotism is Patriotism and Business Business, and never the twain, etc., etc.

Nation's Safety Oil

One committee has considered a £10,000,000 a year oil-from-coal plan. Another is working out a scheme.

What it all should mean is that Army, Navy and Air Force will get all the British fuel they need in case of war.

Meanwhile, some shady company promoters are wondering where they can butt in. We've got our eyes on them.

Black Spots

Renewing his search next week for a solution of the servant problem, Minister of Labour Brown turns to London.

If he goes into some of the dank underground labyrinths round Mayfair and Westminster, in which servants have to sleep, eat, and have their being, we hope he will take great care of his health.

Local Annoyances

Great Baddow—5,000 inhabitants—has no J.P., is petitioning the Lord-Lieutenant of Essex about it. Getting a document signed entails a three-mile walk to Chelmsford.

Little Baddow—small as its name suggests—has two J.P.s.

One of those local annoyances that can be multiplied ten thousand times over the face of the country.

Panicky Boxing

Treat as bunkum the panic talk about boxing. Who cares if there are fewer big promotions, if horizontal champions find it harder to get once-a-year fights for fabulous rewards?

While you've got the little-known boys who give of their best and local venues that have become traditions, you've got real boxing.

Chance for Bumbles

Talkie apparatus will be on its way to two prisons next week. Prison Commissioners have approved.

Knowing you don't cure criminal instincts by turning men into near-animals, we are glad.

In fact, we hope those Bumbles who prescribe eternal drabness for the poor old people who occupy their public institutions will be invited to the shows—to learn something.

Gift of the Century

TO all its 1,500,000 families, JOHN BULL presents the biggest of New Year surprises.

Announced in our centre pages this week is a magnificent record-breaking Gift to every reader—*absolutely Free and Post Free*—which will prove a rich contribution to home comfort and happiness.

It is the latest and greatest Twelve-Volume Library in the world: "*The Practical Home Library.*"

A miracle of publishing, these books contain nearly 4,000 pages, 1,500,000 words and over 2,000 illustrations.

Every home *must have* these twelve unique volumes. Look at their titles—they speak for themselves!

"How Much Do You Know?"
"The Practical Handyman"
"The Wonderful Story of the Human Body"
"Real Life Problems and Their Solution"
"The Practical Home Doctor"
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"Practical Information For All"
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A tremendous storehouse of valuable, practical facts and information, this splendid library is "worth its weight in gold."

The books themselves are the most beautiful library volumes imaginable. Their stiff covers are superbly bound in Rich Dark Blue Morocco-grained Cloth, finished in magnificent half-library style, embossed in *real 22-carat gold.* A distinguished effect is given by the inclusion on the spine of each volume of nine library bands.

This grand Library cannot be bought anywhere. If it were available in the ordinary way you would gladly pay at least £4-4-0 for the twelve volumes. Yet, if you act at once, the complete Library is yours —ABSOLUTELY FREE AND POST FREE!

JOHN BULL has planned this great Service, this incomparable Gift, especially for you—it is a "once-in-a-lifetime" opportunity which will make a world of difference in the home.

Following this week's special announcement, the demand for this Library will break all records, so that every reader should apply instantly before it is too late. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Turn to the centre pages and post the Reservation Forms at once!

This being Honours List week, readers discuss MEDALS

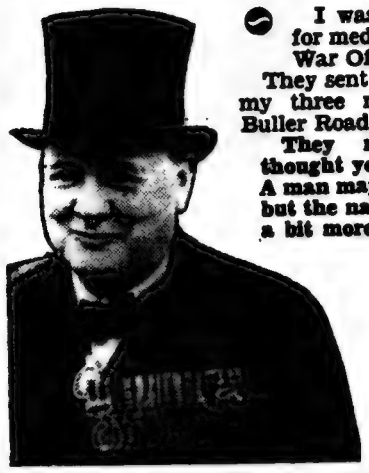
General Service Medal. *1914-15 Star.*

As local recruiter, I find it staggering how often young men who see my 1914-15 Star, General Service medal, Victory medal, and Long Service and Good Service medals, ask me the question: "Did you serve in the war?"—L. M., Sussex Street, Plymouth.

We showed the three first-named medals, reproduced here, to four young men whose fathers served in the war. One named all three, one was correct about two, two failed to identify a single medal. Subsequent questions showed, however, that they had a good general knowledge about the war and its causes.

A friend of mine who served in the war has just received his medals, twenty years after. There must have been some excitement at the War Office when they discovered their omission.—M. D., Burgh Heath, Surrey.

War Office have been distributing medals since the war, as and when whereabouts of the men entitled to them are ascertained. Some 800 men a month are applying for them. Re-armament—or is it events abroad?—has made many men anxious to get the medals they didn't want until recently.



I saw Mr. Winston Churchill all decked up with medals the other day. Cabinet Ministers are often photographed with breasts covered with them.

How the dickens do they get them?—C. Combill, Pensnett, Dudley, Worc.

"Winnie" has seen war in Cuba (1895), Malakand (1897), Tirah (1898), Khartoum (1898), South Africa (where taken a prisoner and escaped dramatically) and France (where commanded 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers).

I was asked a ridiculous price for medal ribbon, so I wrote to the War Office.

They sent me six inches for each of my three medals.—H. Loveday, 47, Buller Road, Brighton.

They mistook your meaning, thought you were too poor to buy it. A man may have to pawn his medals, but the nation will always spare him a bit more ribbon.

Victory Medal.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

APPARENTLY because the authorities have been too idle to replace the local registrar of births, marriages and deaths who retired two years ago, local people have to travel up to twenty miles, sometimes through blinding snow-storms or over ice-bound roads, to register a birth or death.—Thomas William Coatsworth, Lowhouses, Newbiggin, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham.

On payment of a fee of a shilling they can require that an official should visit them. Such a course would probably stir the authorities into providing a local registrar.

Yawning Death

While my husband was putting a fence round a new house the ground gave way. He found himself on the brink of a huge well that went down and down into darkness, and might have disappeared altogether. Surely these old excavations are charted?—Mrs. Gingell, 83, Palm Avenue, Footscray, Kent.

They are not. There are even yawning pit shafts, disused for centuries, that appear on no local records, and many of which are not properly fenced.

Stars Who Don't Know

Deanna Durbin, film actress, is 14½.

But nobody under the age of 16 could go to see her, locally, in the film in which she starred: "Three Smart Girls."—V. Stead, 57, Sherwell Lane, Chelston, Torquay.

Many film stars know little about the film they are helping to make. Some never see themselves in the completed and finished pictures in which they appear.

Hard on Missus!

Dreaming that thieves were stealing my watch, I attacked my wife viciously

during my sleep the other night and woke to find her face bleeding.

Sometimes, quite chaffingly, I pretend to strangle her. Supposing I *had* strangled her. The law could only have taken one view.—D. Catherall, 4, Clark's Terrace, Weston Point, Runcorn, Cheshire.

You would be unlikely to strangle your wife without an object. Finding that object would be first object of police investigations. Many other things would help them to test truth of your story.

Through a Dog's Eyes

Why are housedogs more ferocious towards postmen than towards any other callers? Is it the uniform?—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

They are not. Their worst enemies are the dustmen; their best friends the butchers' and grocers' boys. Dogs have great property sense, distinguish between people who bring things to house and those who take things away.

Farmer on Subsidies

May at least one farmer register disagreement with the policy of making 43,000,000 people pay more for their food to subsidise agriculture, which directly interests only a million.

Provide pensions for farmers too old to work and without adequate means, but otherwise let us work out our own salvation.—G. W. Shaw, Belleliffe Farm, Penistone.

In some parts 50 per cent. of farm labourers' wages are paid out of State subsidies.

Why Not Stocks?

I am a nurse. For the first time in 18 months I have returned to the hospital too late at night. I was only late by ten minutes.

For that I have had to stand one hour outside the matron's office and then apologise.—S. R. N., S. C. M., Oldham.

As we have said repeatedly, nurses will never get fair-play until the newer, crisply, business-like type of matron entirely replaces the fast-dying-out martinets.

Angry Giles

Told in one of the biggest local butcher's shops that they couldn't let him have imported meat because they didn't sell it, a farmer of my acquaintance stormed out and said, "You needn't bother to call on me again!"

A strange attitude for a farmer to adopt.—Mrs. C. Green, 2, Hardenwaye, Totteridge, High Wycombe.

We could understand it in a farm labourer. Few of them can afford the bounties of our own countryside.

Beard to Board

"He's not Santa Claus," said my little nephew, aged three. "He doesn't look happy, like the Santa Claus in my book."

And he didn't. Nor do many of the hungry-looking Santas I see.—Douglas Davies, 19, James Street, Swansea.

Most Santas are handling wage-packets for first time after months of unemployment. And here is a true little Christmas story. The managing director of one of the leading Oxford Street stores started there in the red cloak and white beard.

Darby and Joan

There is one housewife who will never be divorced.

It is the housewife — pronounced "uzzwif"—issued to me as a soldier in 1915.

It has gone with me as far afield as Siberia and Japan, has patched my pants and even made suits for me. Half the 1915 needles are still in it, and the thimble is still going strong.—J. Martin, Harestone Hill, Caterham, Surrey.

For readers too young to remember the war, the housewife—or "uzzwif"—was the cloth roll full of mending material issued to the troops for the repair of their kit.

Begins at Home!

I am a clerk in the office of a man who collects for a charity.

He is "such a good man," according to repute. Yet his books show that he was allowed to keep £50 of the £60 he had collected in 1937.—S. M. M., Aberdeen.

He's a mere beginner compared with some of the charity-mongers on our files. As long as a person who collects for charity gives tiniest percentage to the objects stated he is beyond the law, and will be until we win our fight against these rogues.

Inviting Fraud

I have just asked a caller from the local Education Department to produce evidence that he was the person stated.

He produced an identity card all right, but told me I was the first of three thousand people who had asked him to show it.—Mrs. G. Kingston, 84, Gordon Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

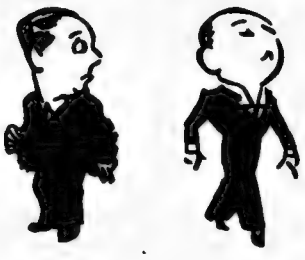
A gas official comments: "I go months without being asked." A G.P.O. official: "It is very rarely that people bother to look at proofs if you show them." Hence, we suppose, the frequency of frauds based on masquerades.

Bad Battery

I have just visited a poultry farm where intensive egg-production on the lines of the American battery system is employed.

Four hundred birds enclosed in an old hut are never allowed to pick in the fields. They are enclosed in wire cages mounting to three storeys high. Some are featherless, some lame: altogether the most distressing sight I have ever seen.—J. T. Beilby, 1, Kildare Road, Swinton, Lancs.

Ministry of Agriculture describe this as wickedly cruel to birds, bad industry on the part of producer, and an abuse of the battery system, and wish reader Beilby would give particulars to poultry adviser at headquarters of County Council concerned.



Uniform for Clerks!

After working in Lancashire, where clerks make themselves comfortable in office jackets on which they wipe their pens, I have been claimed by London, where clerks are so "refained" that they won't even observe the traditional customs of the calling.—W. Lace, 65, Victoria Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

Perhaps it is not "refainment." Several male clerks we questioned said they find greater comfort in a good, pleasing suit, feel inefficient in tatters.

Making it Worse

Stop these boxing-hall uproars which occur when the referee announces the verdict at the finish.

It could be done by letting spectators know how many points the boxers have scored at the end of each round.—F. B., Stirling Street, Cumbernauld, Glasgow.

Retort of leading referee: "Far more likely to lead to uproars at the end of each round."

Kindness Rewarded

Picking up a purse containing 16s., I stopped my car, handed my find to a policeman, to be asked for my driving licence.

As it expired fourteen days before, I was summoned and ordered to pay the costs.—W. S. Hartley, 3, Victoria Terrace, Far Headingley, Leeds.

Classic case is of a police-inspector who, finding his licence out of date, insisted on being summoned.

Start Writing Now!

EVERY reader of JOHN BULL is invited to contribute to this page. 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a picture illustrating the story.

Mark envelope "Voice of the People," and address to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are many other pages where your co-operation is welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you . . .

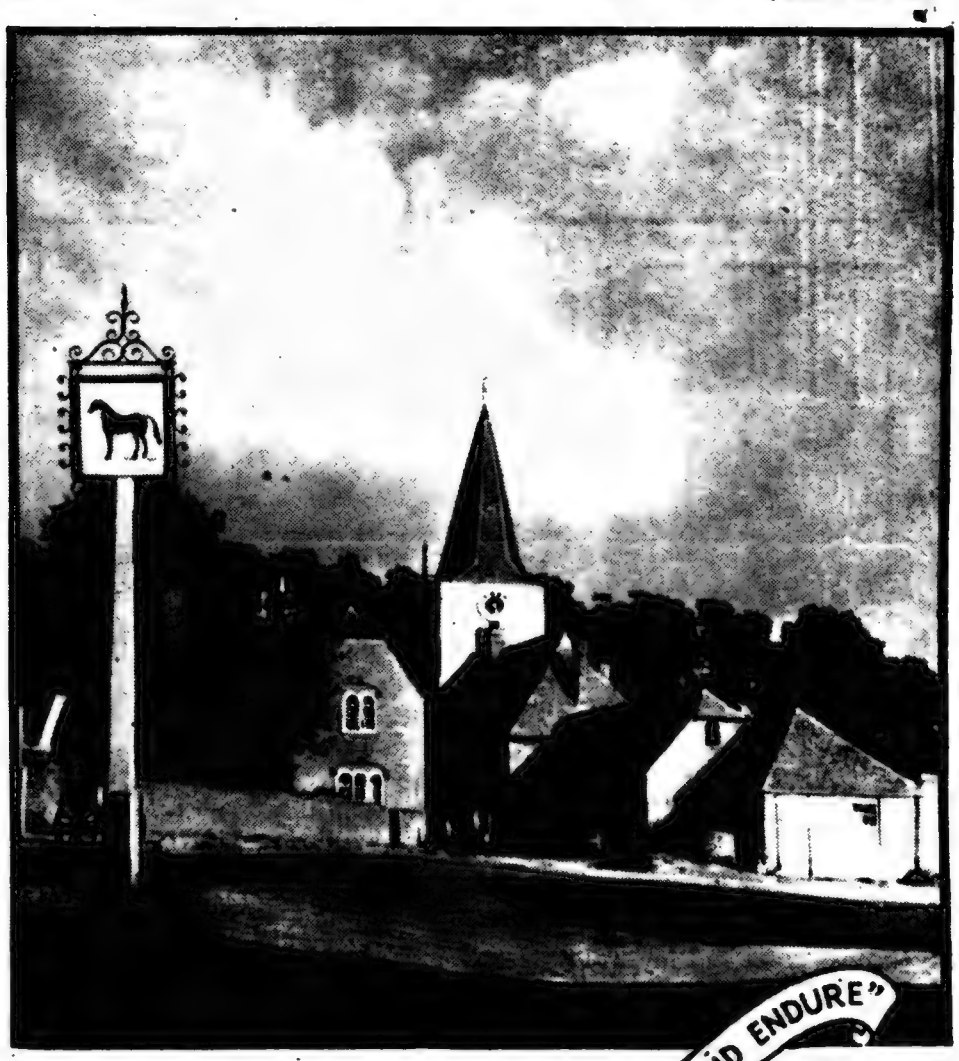
A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 13
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Library Offer ..... Supplement
Human Documents ..... Page 26
True Stories ..... Page 34

If I had my say . . .

Sane Words to a Mad World

The chance to broadcast comes to comparatively few. Supposing you were given ten uncensored minutes "on the air," what would you say? JOHN BULL puts the question to some prominent writers. First is a famous novelist, who "gets off his chest" a number of things he thinks the world should hear.

by WARWICK DEEPING



"MAY THIS ENGLAND ENDURE"

THIS English peace!

Do you and I always realise what it means to us?

As an Italian waiter said to me: "This is about the only country in which you can say what you please without being put in prison or stabbed in the back."

What a mad world! Yet in England, in spite of our motor traffic and our many muddles, we remain somewhat sane.

We try to allow the other fellow to have his say.

I don't like the Fascists. I don't like the Communists. But I would allow both sides to let off steam.

We unrabid people, if necessary, can always step in and turn off the gas.

Aeroplanes I hate, but I am glad that we have hundreds up in the sky.

With the Germans I should like to be friends.

Very tired of Mussolini as nuisance value, and I wish somebody would sit on his large head.

Incidentally, I should like to see China give the Japs a knock.

☆ Thank God I don't live in Russia. A most interesting experiment, of course, but I should object most strongly to being experimented upon in person.

Peace! This English peace! But not peace at any price or at anybody's dictation. Let us and the Americans get together and shout "No, sir!"

I try to believe in a God, but not always successfully so, but I do believe that this England of ours and its heritage are worth fighting for. Yes, to the last bomb and in spite of the Pacifists. The wolves are out, and we should be but sheep without good dogs and shepherd and a gun.

To work peacefully in my garden is bliss. This is the land of gardens. But if any bandit should come over my fence I should be moved to give him one under the ribs with my digging-fork.

As the world is constituted at present, it seems to me that pure pacifism is a dangerous dream. Do we realise how we are hated in Europe?

Certain hungry peoples wish to say to England, "You old bandit, you grabbed more than your share. And now that you are a little senile and fat with possessions, we'll take from you that which we need." Diplomacy, like a Japanese apology, may be dope to keep us dozing and dreaming.

I am afraid I would vote for putting the League of Nations in the refrigerator, and for concentrating on the Fire Brigade.

When there are no fires threatening we can take our ideals out of cold storage.

When will that be, if ever? When our economists have managed to satisfy all men and all nations, and all women? Is the human animal ever satisfied? Would it be good for man not to struggle?

Perhaps we shall move towards peace when we all play games together, and when any person who develops symptoms of the Autocrat's Disease is put instantly into an asylum.

But we have our smaller autocrats and officials. I would have them all slippered once a week, and reminded that they are here to serve and not to scold.

We are proud of our police. But do we realise how dangerous a too dominant police force can be?

I wish the Inland Revenue could be taught to refrain from sending out their nice little envelopes just before Christmas. Only a Government department could be capable of such crudity.

Charitable societies I dislike, and I wish one did not have the suspicion that half the proceeds pass in paying for administration. I prefer my gift to go straight into the pocket that needs it.

For my part I prefer to help those who are worth helping.

Should like to see England cleared of charity, partly because modern begging is approaching blackmail, and because begging should not be necessary. The whole community should plan for and be responsible for all its sickness, pain and misfortune.

A feeling I have is that the medical service should be de-commercialised. Also, all nursing homes. So many of them exploit sickness at the very time when sickness makes us poorer. The prospect of an exorbitant bill is not exactly soothing to the sufferer.

Were it possible to give our politicians and legislators a five years' holiday I should rejoice. A tired German said to me in a German spa, "Ah, it is peaceful here because we have no politics."

☆ Why are my friends the Socialists so smug? The assumption of so much virtue bores one. We people who respect achievement are not all blacklegs and blackguards.

Can't the Law cease from being a game of blind-man's-buff, and the bandage from the eyes of Justice be removed? Could it not be arranged for justice to be intelligible to all plain men of good will, and not a juggling with professional jargon?

Then I think one should be a little ashamed of being too rich. I should be inclined to regard a great fortune as tainted, unless the owner could explain its origin in public, and justify its use.

Like many other plain men, I am beginning to be nauseated by propaganda. I hate the sight and sound of certain words: Capitalist, Bolshie, Marxist.

Let us get rid of the lie that all citizens are of equal value to the community. They are not and never will be. And rewards should be apportioned to social value.

As the world is, I believe in rewards. Do the reformers never dangle little things that glitter? In Russia, do the elect go unrewarded? Are the contumacious never starved into silence?

On the other hand, I should like to see profits limited and any surplus distributed in raising salaries and wages. I believe in service, but I also believe in initiative and guts.

A pauper State may be just a cabbage-patch. As a grower and lover of trees I know how they differ. And you can't use poplar in place of oak.

☆ As to the New Morality, it amuses me. Marriage is to be obsolete, sex must be free, the family broken up and the children reared in State-controlled institutions. I tried it on my gardener, and his question was, "And who's going to cook my dinner?"

The young interest me. I try to appreciate their difficulties. I understand why most young people feel the urge to become reformers. There are many things calculated to make them see red. I did so in my own youth.

But, for the young man who says that life is not worth living, and who sets out to prove it drearily in the best Oxford manner, I have no use at all. I would conscript him into a Labour Corps, and set him for a year to clean out ditches.

Prejudice I accept, provided it does not get out of hand and bludgeon me unless I salute its mumbo-jumbo. No man is quite free from prejudice. Passion and prejudice are the forces that drive us.

The people who claim to be virtuously impartial I distrust. I suspect them of hiding their particular prejudice under a surplice, and of being interested in the contents of other people's pockets.

Self-interest is universal. The problem is to chasten the greedy child in man. Let him have cake, but not too much cake.

My personal credo? It doesn't amount to much. Try not to hurt; try to help when you can. Mind your own business. It is more important than minding the other fellow's.

And my hope? That this English spirit of ours will survive. That we shall keep our kindness and our tolerance, and our genius for compromise, but that we shall have the courage and the strength to refuse all compromise with violence and cruelty.

May our England endure.

Next week another famous writer will "have his say" in "John Bull."

1938—The Little Man's

← This man's prophecies came true

Sir Norman Angell, Nobel Peace Prize-winner, 1934, forecast in his famous book, "The Great Illusion," published nearly thirty years ago, that—

There would be war with Germany.

The victors would be unable to secure an adequate indemnity.

The present colonies question would inevitably arise.

The tendency of all colonies is to become independent—as ours have since the War.

● Read what he says of the New Year

Now regarded as one of the greatest living political economists, Sir Norman, who is Lincolnshire-born, began life as a cowboy. He divides his time between his Temple chambers and an island off the Essex coast.

by SIR NORMAN ANGELL

WILL PEACE BE BROUGHT NEARER IN 1938? OR WILL THE SHADOW OF WAR DEEPEN OVER THE LAND?

These are the two paramount questions of the hour. They are flung at me at every meeting I address, and in the past year I have spoken in more than a hundred cities and other centres all over the country.

Everywhere the questioning is the same: Is it to be peace or war?

I wish I could put on the mantle of the prophet and give the longed-for assurances.

The Editor of JOHN BULL has invited me to tell his huge audience of readers what I think and feel about the world as it will be in the year that lies before us.

I DO NOT THINK THAT WAR WILL COME TO THIS COUNTRY IN 1938.

But I think that it will come nearer, and that our defence will likewise become less sure, however much we may concentrate on our rearmament programme.

★ ★ ★

For this reason: If our foreign policy continues along the lines followed in the past few years, war will, sooner or later, be certain—because of the general view that, as war is not likely to come in the near future, we need not bother too much about its coming at all.

That is why it is not possible to answer the question: Will there be war in 1938? with a simple and direct "*Yes*" or "*No*."

People ask this question about war, or no war, as glibly almost as they enquire: What is the weather going to be like?

One of the first truths we have to learn about our world is the difference between war and the weather—which is, that men don't make the weather but they do make wars.

As men make wars, they can also stop making them if they have sense enough to do so.

What is true of war is true in only a lesser degree of slumps, unemployment, rising prices, the failure of democracy and the dangers of dictatorships.

None of these things is ordained by Nature. They are entirely the result of ideas about how the world ought to be run, ideas which you and I cause to be born or not, to live or to die, by our talk, by what we teach our children, and by what some of us write in books and newspapers.

Once it gets into currency no one can say where or when an idea will stop. That puts—does it not?—a responsibility on you as well as on those who govern you.

You will see, I think, that when one considers what is likely to occur in public affairs one is really considering how wise or how foolish, how competent or incompetent in managing the world men are likely to be; how much they have profited by experience.

★ ★ ★

Just now it is fashionable to be mistrustful, cynical and pessimistic about men acting wisely as the result of experience of the past. But undiluted pessimism is just as foolish as too much optimism. Our main fear for the future is that our plans for a fuller and better life may go up in the smoke of a world conflagration.

But that will not happen in the near future. That is not the way the dictators are choosing, at this stage, to achieve their ends.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY AVOIDING A GENERAL WAR, A WAR IN WHICH A POWER OR POWERS AS HIGHLY ORGANISED AS THEMSELVES CAN DO TO THEM WHAT THEY SO READILY DO TO OTHERS.

An entirely new method of conquest has been developed. I shall be surprised if we do not see it increasingly in action in the next twelve months.

No longer does a would-be conqueror start by crudely declaring and then waging war on his intended victim.

The new method is this. First, you encourage in the victim's own territory some movement against the central authority, by money, arms, promises of military help if a revolution breaks out.

By this means internal disorder and conflict may so weaken a nation that relatively small forces from outside can overcome it.

You have then a situation in which part of its own people will help in its eventual conquest by outsiders, just as Italy, having bribed tribal chiefs, conquered Abyssinia with the help of Abyssinians; just as the Spanish Government is being destroyed by Italian and German invaders with the help of the Spaniards themselves.

We see this method being employed not only in Spain, but in China, Austria, Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Danzig, as well as in French territory in North Africa, in France itself, in Palestine and other places where British interests are involved.

This policy has been so amazingly successful from the point of view of those following it that it would be sheer folly on their part to give it up in favour of a direct frontal onslaught. That may come later.

★ ★ ★

All the same, I believe that 1938 will be a decisive year in Europe's history.

On the outstanding question of what our attitude is to be towards the Have-not nations much depends.

We have not yet made up our minds. It is time we did.

I assert that we can have peace without "giving away" parts of the British Empire.

First, because most of the Empire, in any case, has already been "given away" to the only people entitled to it—those who live there.

Second, because "giving away"

Not from the B.B.C.

IF I should ever celebrate
The birth of twins, I'd simply hate
To be detained while some M.D.
Made tests of my sobriety,
Then hear next day the things he'd tell
To Mullins (Claude), or Ivan Snell!

Oh, doctor, in our hours of pain,
To seek your aid we can't refrain;
But if suspected of a spree,
We'd rather that a plain P.C.,
Unversed in Latin or in Greek,
Described our symptoms to the Beak!

For we know that his diagnosis would be based on nothing more recondite than his senses of smell and hearing and his knowledge of human nature and the hic-power of the local wetgoods.

GENTLEMEN PREFER COPS!

Furthermore, two magistrates, Mr. Ivan Snell and Mr. Claude Mullins, have declared that in drink cases the evidence of police officers is much more satisfactory than that of doctors.

Which opinion will cause the sober citizen to rejoice that there are still beaks who decline to cry "Heil Spilsbury!" when some divisional police-surgeon describes allegedly scientific tests.

Said tests consist of inviting candidates to walk a chalk line, touch the nose with each hand, put one foot in front of the other, and guess the value of a coin placed in the hand.

Failure renders a frequenter of milk-bars liable to be diagnosed as being as drunk as a couple of lords. But a really experienced drunk may come through the test with flying colours and be presented with a medical certificate of sobriety while pursuing pink and green rats round the charge-room.

While a magistrate may be impressed when a doctor announces: "I applied the Rhomberg test and the patient's reactions registered a sobriety value of 88½ per cent.," he is bound to feel doubts when P.C. 49 gives evidence: "I was proceeding along Regent Street in a northerly direction when the accused addressed me as Egypt, his Cleopatra, yer worship, and kissed my off-side cheek."

Such evidence carries conviction. The delinquent grins sheepishly, the magistrate mentions ten shillings, the official who collects the fine mutters that there is a chemist's shop across the road, and an enjoyable time is had by all.

Ere yet the Rhomberg test arrived with other forms of bunk,
The simple English copper knew the simple English drunk;
He knew his track from home to back and all the pubs between,
And stopped him setting out for Ham by way of Golders Green!

I have no grudge 'gainst doctors and I'll swallow all their pills;
If they'll but mind their business of prescribing for my ills;
But no doctor's diagnosis will convince a man he's tight,
If he can get to Canning Town by way of Barnes by night!

Y. Z.

Big Year

What may they—and all of us—expect in 1938? War or Peace? Boom or Slump: what? Sir Norman Angell provides the answer

part of the Empire would not help the Have-not peoples in the least, nor in the long run would it make for peace.

Third, because in so far as war arises from the clash of rival Imperialisms, the remedy is not to create once again a German overseas Imperialism, but to end Imperialism altogether—ours as well as Germany's.

If this truth is recognised we shall not decide in 1938 to return the German colonies, but we *shall* decide to offer to Germany concessions of a kind far more valuable to her than her exclusive possession of colonies, concessions which will help to heal the breach between the two countries.

The most important parts of the British Empire, all those parts suitable for white settlers, all the areas of the greatest economic value, have ceased to "belong" to us even nominally.

We have ceased to "own" the greater part. Not a square yard of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa "belongs" to the British Government or is under its control.

★ ★ ★

By the Statute of Westminster—which merely gave legal form to what had, in fact, already taken place—the British Parliament has no control whatever over the Dominions, which are as independent of Westminster as Belgium or Brazil.

All the world's colonies produce only about 3 per cent. of the raw material which civilisation at present uses.

In short, the Empire is ceasing to be an empire. We are settling the problems of Imperialism by getting rid of Imperialism.

To attempt now to "divide up" the Empire would be to reverse this process by creating several new Imperialisms. There would be no lasting peace that way. It would be a step in the wrong direction. The remedy—and it needs to be stated with special emphasis in this vital coming year—is to make the Government of all non-self-governing territories (our own, as well as the ex-German colonies) so practically international that equal chances for all therein are a reality and not a sham.

★ ★ ★

This plan would be infinitely more to Germany's advantage, of much greater help in solving her raw material problems than the return to her of colonies, which, in their heyday as German possessions, supplied her with no more than a two-hundredth part of the raw materials she needed.

So it comes to this. If "keeping the former German colonies" means keeping the right to enforce in them, and in other British Imperial territory, stiff preferences and monopolies of trade and concessions, excluding all other people, we shall in the end get war.

If, on the other hand, handing back the former German colonies means giving Germany those same rights exclusively, we shall equally run the risk of war.

How, in the light of these possibilities, can one give a plain answer to the plain question: Will there be war in 1938?

There is another vital question. Will the present upward trend in trade conditions come to an end and another slump set in?

I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE WILL BE A CONSIDERABLE SLUMP IN 1938.

But, if we translate that answer into meaning that in the coming year we need not worry about taking steps to stop a future slump, I believe that later on we shall run into such a depression as may make the last one look and feel like riotous prosperity.

★ ★ ★

All the experts appear to agree that certain measures can be taken to stop another slump from looming over the horizon.

For example, we can organise for a scientific swing-over from rearmament to real peace needs.

As rearmament slackens we ought to get busy on making things that can be usefully and constructively applied to the national well-being—road improvement designed to bring down the appalling death and accident figures, electrification schemes that will bring light and heat to every house and cottage in the land, with an adequate supply of power for every factory and farm.

This, and a great deal more, is possible. It would not create less employment than the making of weapons of destruction, and with results far more uplifting to the nation's heart and conscience.

A turn-over from war spending to peace spending will not be easy, but it is practicable, given scientific planning and management.

We could then stop prophesying what *might* happen, knowing we could make happen what we wanted.

Let us decide to be masters of our fate.

Without Fear or Favour

Millions of Mother Hubbards

BRITAIN will soon be able to withstand a siege of many weeks.

Plans for vastly increased granary accommodation are being worked out. Reserves of tinned food are being built up; big supplies ensured of edible fats.

Yes, but it's still peace time. War preparations will not put extra shillings in shrinking purses.

And the ordinary housewife is fast becoming 1938's Mother Hubbard.

Not much consolation to her that Britain is growing more wheat, potatoes, barley and hay. What she wants is the means to buy enough for her family.

This is where the Prime Minister enters the shopping picture. He says the Government is keeping a careful watch on prices.

Careful watch! We say that the real need is official action to check the ever-mounting cost of living which is making a mockery of our proud "prosperity," and bringing short commons to old and young alike.

Food prices can be controlled. They should be. And Mr. Chamberlain must stop talking airy nothings and help millions of Mother Hubbards to stock their larders afresh.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir WARREN FISHER,
Permanent Secretary, the Treasury

SIR,—Keep a look-out for an audacious type of wangle with public money which not a few local authorities are contemplating.

In connection with the raising of the school-leaving age, councils are empowered as from this week to give building grants for new schools conducted by denominational bodies.

I have made the extraordinary discovery that in a number of areas the education authorities propose actually to sell existing council schools to religious organisations—*and then to hand back to the buyers at least 75 per cent. of the purchase price in the guise of the building grants!*

Gift-giving of this kind at the ratepayers' expense is intolerable.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA,
Secretary for War

SIR,—I look to you, on the reassembly of Parliament, to let it be known exactly what comments have been made by the examiners who tested the Army officers presented lately for the promotion examination.

Reliable report has it that their criticism of the ignorance and carelessness revealed is scathing.

Either these officers are not taking their duties seriously or something is very far wrong with the system of training they receive.—JOHN BULL.

Major J. J. ASTOR, M.P.,
President, Marylebone Cricket Club

DEAR MAJOR ASTOR,—County cricket is certain to reach a still more parlous condition this year because of the financial poverty of a number of the most sporting clubs.

I believe that you entertain a scheme to allow them to survive by founding a £20,000 fund to be derived from the receipts of the Australian Test team tour next summer.

But I also have definite information that prosperous clubs who will benefit most by the Australians' visit are baring their teeth already at the mere mention of the idea.

In your certain resolve to defeat their selfish hostility lies the hope that the best elements and traditions of the game will not perish.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P.
West Bromwich

DEAR MR. ROBERTS,—Early in the next session of Parliament, I understand, you are to go all out to support my demand for the appointment of a Select Committee to undertake exhaustive investigation of the worsening scandal of disabled ex-Service men who are either still without or receive inadequate pensions.

Thank you.

As a former Pensions Minister, no one knows better than you what is by far the gravest feature of the present maladministration.

It is the callous rule, rigorously enforced, by which tens of thousands of men now developing physical trouble clearly attributable to war service are finding they have no legal right to seek their dues.—JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS ACLAND,
Chairman, The Dental Board,
44, Hallam Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—From Washington, U.S.A., I have a remarkable piece of news.

The Secretary of the Department of Commerce informs me that last year, under the extraordinary label of "scientific instruments," 42,000,000 artificial teeth—sufficient to make 1,250,000 complete sets of dentures—were exported to British dentists.

More than that.

It is also revealed that lately 4,000,000 adult persons in this country have been fitted with teeth of American manufacture.

If your Board would do something to abolish the shocking pay and conditions offered to dental mechanics, a valuable industry could be recovered for Britain. —JOHN BULL.

TRAFFIC COMMISSIONERS,
All Areas

GENTLEMEN,—A scandal of some magnitude is inevitable if the present ruthless refusal of licences for commercial road transport is persisted in.

Men with long experience of the business, who could create considerable employment in new enterprises and provide facilities unobtainable from the railways or existing firms, are being turned down without explanation.

This happens even when they produce incontestable evidence that traders are willing to give them abundant hiring work.

Protection of railway interests in this manner cannot be defended.—JOHN BULL.

Sir E. TINDAL ATKINSON,
Director of Public Prosecutions,
Richmond Terrace, London, S.W.

SIR,—Your vigilance on fraudulent share-pushers will have to become even more intense in the next month or two.

After conference with English experts, President Roosevelt has decided that a major part of the U.S.A. 1938 recovery plan will be a colossal house-building programme copied in entirety from the British building societies' model.

American bogus company mongers have been dazzled by the White House revelation that small investors in this country subscribe £140,000,000 a year to the house-building market.

Their emissaries are on the way over to begin large-scale plunder here.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Portal—"Civilisation awaits the verdict you have in your power to influence."

Lord PORTAL,
Chairman, British Olympic Association

MY LORD,—Sport, politics and war seldom blend.

But they can and must do so now—if you have the will to seize the chance and earn the applause of the world.

In the next few weeks the Council of your Association is due to begin preparations for the British representation at the 1940 Olympic Games at Tokio.

I plead with you to abandon the idea. Instead, let Britain take the initiative either in declaring a boycott or demanding that the greatest festival of sport be held in another country.

* * *

The U.S.A. will undoubtedly follow your lead at once, and the support of most other countries would be automatically forthcoming.

Japan has forfeited rights and membership in civilised society.

No more effective lesson could be taught to her people than the shunning of the country by the rest of the world in the name of the Olympiad.

Two years ago the same proposal had to be made in connection with the last Olympic Games in Germany, so that universal detestation of Nazi outrages could be demonstrated.

Many millions of sportsmen in all lands subscribed to the demand.

The excuse—which the British Olympic Association shared in offering—then was that the great protest came too late for anything to be done.

That will not avail on this occasion.

Civilisation awaits the verdict you have in your power to influence.

Make it momentous—and quick.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. E. L. BURGIN,
Minister of Transport

SIR,—I hope there is truth in a report current in Whitehall that the Cabinet has at last given you freedom and the means to get on with vast roads projects.

Be bold. Ignore the scoffers who describe as Wellsian the idea that Britain should have roads for motor traffic only, four-lane roads, pedestrian bridges and fly-over junctions.

Suggestions like these, so long ridiculed here, are fact in the United States and Germany.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. ALLEN,
Magistrates' Chairman, Leigh, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to put on record this brief report of a prosecution heard by your Bench.

A destitute miner, out of work for six years, had no fuel in his home for New Year's eve. He stole about 2s. 6d. worth of coal from a pit to give his wife and children warmth.

You caused the police to investigate and found that the family's plight was sore indeed.

So, instead of convicting the man, you and your colleague, Mrs. W. Eckersley, presented him with 10s. to enable him to buy coal and firewood.

Yes, the greatest of these is still Charity.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PETER HENDERSON,
School Managers' Chairman, Wemyss

DEAR SIR,—Coal is the chief product of Fifeshire. While men dig it their children have to sit in unheated schoolrooms and wear coats and scarves because coal economy rules are being enforced.

No wonder there is illness among the kiddies due to prolonged exposure to indoor cold.

An education inspector visiting one of the schools had to wear his overcoat all day in the classrooms.

You counsel headmasters to send the children home so that official notice may be taken of the scandal.

Better to use your position and power to get coal supplied.—JOHN BULL.

MAN OF DESTINY

All eyes are now on him!

"How can a slump in America affect US?" is a query put forward by many readers,

A. G. Gardiner

supplies the answer

IF I were asked to name the man who more than any other can make or mar this year of grace 1938 I should have no hesitation in saying "President Roosevelt."

Politically and economically, the United States is the greatest single unit of power in the world. Its vast population, its enormous material resources, its high standard of living, and its control of half the world's gold supply make its influence dominant not only on the American continent but all over the earth.

We had experience of this in 1931. We all crashed then together; but it was the avalanche that descended on the United States that made the depression the greatest economic calamity in history.

★ ★ ★

And it is for this reason that the eyes of all serious observers are turned to America now. For again there are disquieting portents visible in its economic structure.

The recovery which President Roosevelt's drastic measures started has ceased. Reaction has set in. Security values have crashed. Trade has slumped ominously. The iron and steel industry and the motor industry are in the doldrums.

Thirty thousand men have been discharged by General Motors alone, and unemployment is alarmingly on the increase.

It is these facts which are reflected in the downward tendency here. That tendency has not gone far, and as I ventured to indicate in a recent article, there is nothing in our intrinsic position to justify fears of a major slump.

But world trade is a single piece, and if a first-class crisis is impending in America we shall not escape the consequences.

Hence the question, "Can that crisis be averted?" is only less vital to us than it is to President Roosevelt's own people.

In seeking an answer it is necessary to understand broadly what has happened, is happening and is likely to happen in the United States. Just as the crash there in 1929-33 was far more catastrophic than our own, so the recovery there has been less solid.

And this for obvious reasons. With our unemployment insurance scheme and our comprehensive relief machinery we were able to stand the shock better and to recover from its effect more swiftly and more securely.

President Roosevelt had no such machinery. Faced with a calamity for which there was no parallel he had to improvise means of salvaging a nation.

That in such a task he should make mistakes was to be expected. With all the banks closed, with 12,000,000 unemployed on his hands, with no organised relief system to set in motion, he took refuge in gigantic and well-nigh indiscriminate spending.

In five years he has poured out in relief and relief works £4,000,000,000 of borrowed money. It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude of these figures. They represent in relief alone the equivalent of our total annual budget expenditure on army, navy, civil services, education, interest on debt, everything!

Put in another way, the five years' relief work has cost half as much as the total national debt of this country, and therefore half as much as the entire burden imposed on us by the Great War!

★ ★ ★

Naturally there was recovery. The flood of spending gave the illusion of returning prosperity. As a desperate temporary expedient to set the machinery of commerce and industry in motion it was defensible. But if it does not do that it only delays and aggravates the crisis.

And that is the shadow which overhangs America to-day. The unlimited relief, whether on borrowed money or out of taxation, has brought no assurance of solid recovery. In the absence of the assurance reaction has set in.

It is not easy to acquit President Roosevelt of responsibility for this failure. The root of it is the conflict between him and the business community.

With his enthusiasm for the underdog and his distrust of Big Business there will be general sympathy. In no country in the world has the financial exploiter had such a run as in the United States.

★ ★ ★

The monstrous fortunes piled up by the Carnegies, the Fricks, Rockefellers and Mellons are an indictment against a political system that has permitted such exploitation of the public.

The accumulation of these fortunes has not seldom been associated with most grievous exploitation, and the fact that in some cases, notably those of Carnegie and Rockefeller, those fortunes have been applied to public uses does not make the social injustice less flagrant.

But in attacking the evil President Roosevelt has chosen the wrong time and the wrong method.

If he hoped to restore prosperity he could only do so by working through the capitalist system which was the foundation on which American business rested.

He could not overthrow that system without adding chaos to chaos. But he could have clipped its claws by judicious legislative control such as that exercised in this country over the public utilities.

Instead, he directly antagonised the business world. He paralysed it with fears that froze the spirit of enterprise.

He faced it with competition financed out of the public exchequer. He encumbered the operations of business and turned the thumbscrew of taxation.

In these ways he destroyed confidence, and thereby he checked the impulse to courageous spending, which was the first essential of recovery.

The utility concerns, for example, were discouraged from proceeding with vast undertakings from fear of what would happen to them when their money was spent. Hence genuine recovery was nipped at the source. No doubt there is much to be said on the other side. No one who knows the temper of Big Business in America will question that. But the point is that in embarking on this war at this time and in this way President Roosevelt defeated the main purpose he had in view—that is, the rehabilitation of industry in the United States.

These are the circumstances that have led to the present slump in America, and I return to the question whether that slump can be prevented from developing into a catastrophe that would have its repercussions here and everywhere.

I think it can if President Roosevelt puts recovery in the first place and his quarrel with the business world in the second place.

The wealth of the United States is colossal and its power of expansion inexhaustible, and given a new and more judicious policy at the White House there is no reason why the present setback should not be stemmed in time.

In this hopeful view of the issue I am encouraged by the fact that the most influential figure behind the President is Mr. Cordell Hull. No one knows better than he does that the immediate key to recovery is not war on the business world at home, but war on the fetters of trade everywhere.

The network of tariffs and subsidies and quotas is obstructing recovery in all countries, and in none, perhaps, more than in the United States, and Mr. Cordell Hull is ceaseless in his crusade for the freedom of trade.

★ ★ ★

It is to his efforts that we owe the Anglo-American trade agreement, now being negotiated, which when implemented should be a landmark on the road to world recovery.

And at the same time it will provide the President with the true weapon against Big Business. It is the high tariffs of the United States which have enabled the Carnegies and the Fricks to accumulate their monstrous fortunes, and have enriched the eastern manufacturers by the impoverishment of the western farmers.

Let President Roosevelt adopt the Hull policy and he will not only stem the slump, but he will also deal the most effective blow at the tyranny of the money power.

Now write and tell the Editor what problem you would like A. G. G. to tackle next.

The Human Machine

LIVING AT PAR

THERE is a simple, if rather rough and ready, test by which you can determine whether you are getting the best out of life and out of yourself. It is the answer to the question: "Can you supply yourself with the necessary incentives to keep going—or do you need prodding from without?"

If you need prodding, if you need the stimulus of outside excitements, then you're not living at your best. You've gone stale. You've drifted into a sort of dull routine.

You can't buy interest. You can't even have interest given to you. It's something you've got to make for yourself; it's got to grow inside you before it can find an outward expression. That's why it's not the slightest use going rushing about in search of it.

And, broadly speaking, the mainspring of interest is summed up in the saying: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." If you like a paradox you can say that "Unless you're interested, you'll never find interest!" Sounds silly, but it's profoundly true all the same.

The happiest and healthiest people in the world are those who are so busy that they haven't time to do half the things they want to do. They're the people who live at par.

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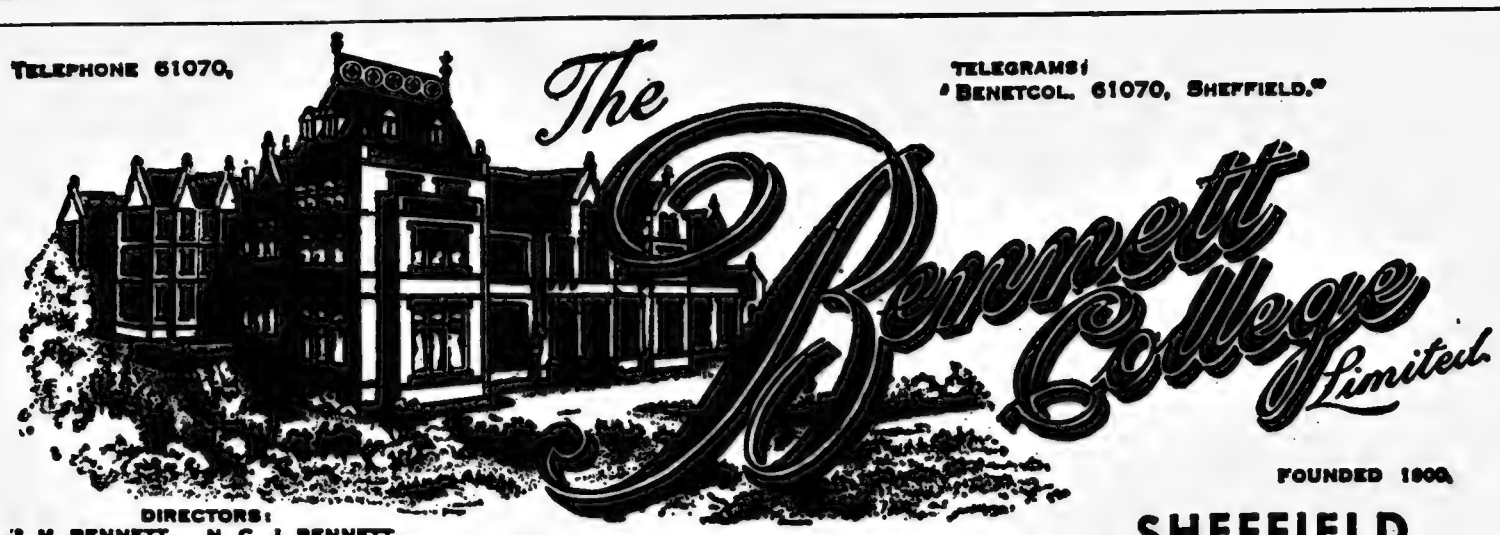

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NOTICE

Dear Student—

I am sometimes asked what precisely do I mean by the saying, 'Once a B.C.S. always a B.C.S.'? I will endeavour to explain.

I mean that when you have completed the study of a subject as a Bennett College Student, or have passed the examination for which we have coached you, you are not as ships that pass in the night, you do not merely pass into the great jangle of commercial activity which we call 'Getting on in life.' No, you are still our student, we still have an interest in you. We feel in a way responsible for your future, your ups and downs in life; we want to rejoice in your ups, and should you have any downs then we want to be of real help to you; and don't overlook the fact that a big organisation such as ours can be of help; therefore, once a B.C.S. always a B.C.S.

Our interest goes beyond the immediate objective, the success of this College is dependent upon the successful lives of our students. We wish to cultivate that spirit of mutual help throughout all the spheres of activity in which our students are likely to advance. Many thousands of 'Old B.C.S.'s' who were at one time employees are now employers. They will remember the thorough training they themselves received from us, and they will know that men trained by us can be relied upon. They will also recognise the indisputable fact that a man who studies his job is bound to be more efficient than those who do not. This is where that 'Old B.C.S.' spirit can operate.

The Bennett College is not limited to the teaching of one or two subjects. This College is Technical, Commercial and Scientific, and we have a huge staff, all experts, teaching the subjects in which they themselves hold the highest qualifications. Our staff are all full-time tutors; no student's work is ever sent out to be corrected by tired, spare-time tutors. All work is done on the College premises, and our staff of 197 enables us to attend to all homework the same day as it arrives. This is very helpful to a student, it enables him to keep in touch.

At this time of the year, you may have friends who are thinking of taking up postal studies on some subject or preparing for an examination. My personal advice is always at their disposal, free.

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. Bennett

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"Among the correspondence I daily receive are frequent letters from readers telling me they were 'advised in time.' Let me try to do the same for you. Write to me about it!"

£500,000 Hoaxer UNMASKED

PEOPLE, especially inventors, in need of ready capital should beware of the activities of one, Hector Raynor Sutherland Leveson-Gower (pronounced Looson-Gore), with addresses at Malvern Link, Worcestershire, and Holborn, London.

H. R. S. Leveson-Gower is the scion of a noble family. He trades on the fact. *But* he does not inform his victims that his family disowned him many years ago. He is also silent concerning many details of his career.

Some time ago an advertisement appeared in a national newspaper to this effect:

* * *

"Wealthy group desires to negotiate the purchase outright or secure controlling interest in large concern, manufacturing or otherwise.

"About £500,000 cash available, or might consider financing sound proposition. Principals, solicitors, accountants invited to send brief particulars in confidence, first instance, Leveson-Gower, 24-26, Holborn, London, E.C.1."

Such an announcement, to say the least, is very impressive. Half a million of money is a lot of money. Leveson-Gower is well aware of the effect mention of such big sums makes on impressionable people.

He found a ready listener in a man who had invented a patent device which appeared to be a more than reasonable proposition and one which was obviously worth exploiting commercially.

At the beginning of last year the inventor entered into negotiations with Leveson-Gower, who was both benign and encouraging.

He was expansive about his finances. He was on the point of completing a new deal in French Rentes and expected something like £105,000 in commission.

He had many wealthy backers—why, only a few days before, his "group" had landed a big brewery deal in the north country which had involved a little matter of a quarter of a million.

In fact, everything appeared so convincing that the unfortunate inventor agreed to hand over his documents and to accept £200 down. He also decided to break off negotiations with other concerns which had taken an interest in his device.

Disillusionment has followed. Although assured from the start that there would be no difficulties, and payment made promptly, there has been a twelvemonth of disappointment. Throughout, Mr. Leveson-Gower has been profuse in his apologies and excuses.

In the beginning he was in touch with the inventor practically every day, assuring him that progress was being made very rapidly.

* * *

Then, when everything appeared to be rosy, Leveson-Gower mentioned that he was being troubled by "commission delays."

A little later he promised, "my people will deal with the matter in the course of ten days." Nothing happened. And there were several other procrastinating letters of various kinds.

The unfortunate inventor at length found himself in great difficulties. He was bound by obligations to Leveson-Gower and had broken off all contacts with other financial interests. He was forced to the view that Leveson-Gower is in reality an impostor who handles such transactions in the hope of finding backers, with a view to getting a rake-off for himself.

And in this he is right. Although this particular inventor did not lose any money in hard cash, I am able to say numerous others have serious cause to regret dealings with this same Leveson-Gower.

He has, time and again, managed to stave off creditors by telling them plausible stories about big sums, supposedly due to him as commission on big deals, being temporarily held up.

In point of fact, at the very moment he was advertising his £500,000 available capital, he was unable to pay a debt of £30 owing to a West Central London hotel.

I have a mass of evidence against Leveson-Gower in front of me. Here is a typical case of a secret formula for a photographic patent concerning which he promised to raise a lot of capital from his "influential friends."

All the inventor got in this instance were bills of exchange which were afterwards dishonoured.

For years Leveson-Gower has been dabbling in dubious finance. He has formed companies to market other people's patents and then secured investments from people who have been promised profits which in many cases have not been forthcoming.

Some people have been very heavily hit by his schemes. One woman parted with her life savings of £500 in one business. An ex-officer lost a similar sum in another.

* * *

Periodically since 1910 he has come under the notice of the police in connection with questionable business transactions. He has served several terms in jail. Has used various aliases. "Hector R. Sutherland" and "Hector Lyon" are two samples.

I could write a great deal more about this hoaxer had I space at my disposal. I must content myself with saying that his half-million-pound scheme is just so much clap-trap, which ought to be avoided like the plague.

Bureau to Ignore

MOST earnestly it is to be hoped that, in the course of the New Year now with us, poor debtors will ignore the threats of Mr. A. Orris, of the Recovery and Adjustment Bureau, Ltd., Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

For some years past, Orris has pursued a terroristic campaign against small debtors who have not been in a position to question his minatory suggestions.

Many complaints have been made about him, and I personally have a large file of information about him in my department.

* * *

Recently, Mr. Justice Hawke had some telling things to say about the methods of debt collecting employed by the concern of which Mr. Orris is such a characteristic ornament.

The judge said, in the case of a woman who had been terrorised into paying a debt she did not owe, that something more might be said about this kind of practice in the collecting of debts.

Orris does not hesitate to blackmail clients who owe small amounts. Listen to this paragraph in a letter he sent to a miner's wife who had purchased a coat from a mail-order house:

* * *

"We see no reason, in view of the underhand way in which you have acted, why we should study your interests, and unless a reasonable payment is made to us within seventy-two hours we shall apply to your employers and ask for assistance in stopping an amount each week from your wages until the debt is cleared."

This is just insolence. Orris has no legal or moral right to put such threats into execution.

Yet, for years, Mr. A. Orris and his impudent Recovery and Adjustment Bureau, Ltd., goes calmly on indulging in what amounts to nothing less than a campaign of threats of all kinds against small debtors.

Trouble at the Tote

IN the North Country many married ex-Service men have been replaced in their capacity of temporary totalisator operators by married women who, in addition, have other employment.

When the Racecourse Betting Control Board was formed about nine years ago, preference was given to ex-Service men in the very considerable travelling staffs.

* * *

Payment was at the rate of 12s. 6d. to 15s. a day, in addition to travelling expenses, and in some cases operators had to make journeys of up to twelve hours. This scale has operated for the last three years, and the work of the ex-Service men gave every satisfaction.

Recently, however, owing to a change in system, many of them have been replaced by women, the majority of whom are also employed at greyhound tracks in the evening.

In fact, there have been circumstances when women have been released early from distant racecourses so that they could reach greyhound tracks in time for the evening meetings.

Among the racecourses which have been affected by this change of policy are Doncaster, Liverpool, Haydock Park and Chester.

It is admitted by responsible officials that the women are no more efficient than the men. In fact, complaints have been made by backers that they object to being served by women operators at the tote machines. Moreover, the women are paid on exactly the same scale as the ex-Service men used to be.

The tote operates for about 300 days a year in various parts of the country, and often a temporary staff of 180 is required to assist the permanent officials.

Again, the insurance stamps obtained while working at race meetings enabled the temporary operators to keep almost continuously on standard unemployment benefit.

* * *

Now their occasional occupation is gone. They must live on unemployment benefit and face the possibility of U.A.B. officials visiting their homes.

We bring this matter to the notice of the directors of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, hoping that the matter of employment of women in this special case will be thoroughly investigated.

You have been warned . .

Mythical League

SUNDAY trading in London and provincial cities continues to cause bitter trouble between shopkeepers and local authorities.

For months now London County Council officials have been contending with public petitions and "Sunday trading" demonstrations.

These have been organised by small traders who protest against being prevented from setting up their stalls in market places on Sundays, as they have done for an indefinite number of years past.

Crooks are now adding to the difficulties of these small traders.

One rascal, who uses many names, and who is supposed to represent a "league" aiming at safeguarding small shopkeepers and stallholders in general, has been actively collecting money during recent weeks in localities affected by the new Sunday trading regulations.

As is so often the case in these house-to-house appeals, where a topical cause is used to obtain money, I have found that the moneys go into the pockets of the promoter. There is no such organisation for protecting traders as the one suggested by him!

Credentials should always be asked for from callers of this type. If they are honest they will provide them on the spot.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. £ 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply C. C. (Dept. 472), 338, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

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CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with leaflets. "Business Helps." Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

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RABBIT NETS, Guns, Snares, Ferreting Tackle, Bird, Partridge Nets, catlg. free;—easy payments arr.—Young's (J.B.), Misterton, Som.

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TROUSERS for Hard Wear. Actually cost 11/6 but offered to *John Bull* readers for 5/-. Turn to page 3 and look for the advt. of Messrs. J. Whitefield, Reid and Co.

A COOKERY Booklet of interest to every housewife, "Better Breakfasts." The makers of New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the above invaluable little booklet that gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves, together with "Regulo" settings and cooking times. Fill in the coupon on page 23 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S.24/8), 164, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances—Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List J.B.1775 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

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BABY CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment beautifully Home-made from best materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. ¾-garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 39/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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POULTRY - PROFIT. — Make your poultry more profitable by getting "The Feathered World Year Book, 1937." The complete poultry keeper's guide. Everything you want to know about buying, selling and breeding. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain a copy send 2/6 to "The Feathered World," Dept. J.B.1, 9, Arundel St., Ldn., W.C.2.

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PIANO - ACCORDIONS Drums and Access. Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings new 1938 68-p. cat. free. Easiest terms. Part Exchanges.—J. B. Raymond Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

JOE WYNDHAM (Jack Payne's Drummer) for Musical Instruments. Cash or Terms.—"The Band'ca," 12, Little Newport St., London, W.C.2.

SOMETHING New in Harmonicas! Piano-Accordion effects produced by amplifying sound chamber. You must have one—it costs only 1/9. See advertisement of Messrs. Wm. Penn, Ltd., page 3.

HEAR what you want—when you want it—on a gramphone record. Regal Zonophone records can be obtained at 1/6 each. Send for latest list from Regal Zonophone, 106, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

GREY HAIR AND PREMATURE BALDNESS can hamper you. Don't let Hair troubles let you down. HAIRLO restores strength and colour to thinning, greying Hair, arrests Dandruff and promotes growth. Definitely a Tonic. Not a Dye. Post Free, 2/6.—CROME CO., LR. FOWNES STREET, DUBLIN.

ARE You Ruptured? For comfort wear the Appliance illustrated in the advt. of London Surgical Co. on page 3. Note the low prices.

REASONS why you should give your child Scotts Brand Emulsion are given on page 30.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 25 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.C.28), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

SUFFERERS from Backache and Kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystopurin (Dept. J.B.24), Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 18

FREE.—All those who suffer with chest and head colds, catarrh, etc., can obtain a generous sample of Thermogene Vapour Rub free of charge. This latest wonder remedy will be sent for your trial if you fill in the coupon at once on page 27, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Thermogene Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 169, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Send to-day, now, while you think of it, and see how this double-action remedy will loosen and clear the stuffiness of the nasal passages and quickly break up the cold.

KORAY tablets give instant relief from pain. They will put new life into you. Buy a box to-day. Obtainable from chemists only at 6d. and 1/3. Sample wallet 2d. See page 29.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

TAKE a cupful of Horlicks—hot, every night at bedtime. It will give you new energy, new vitality and new confidence. Horlicks guards against night starvation. See page 31.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of how to make your dog's coat grow healthy and bright by giving him Benbow's Dog Mixture. See page 28

ACCEPT this free offer. You can get a sample of Vaseline Hair Tonic by sending a 1d. postcard to Dept. J.B.1, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. You'll never suffer from dry scalp if you use this perfect hair-dressing. Vaseline Hair Tonic will give you vigorous, healthy hair. See page 26.

FREE.—100,000 special boxes of Tokalon Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and 6 packages of different colours, also two tubes of Tokalon Skinfood. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222F), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 33.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Amazing South Sea Voyage Mystery

NINE months' cruising in the South Seas in a luxurious yacht with the added attraction of making travel films *en route* at seventy ports of call constitute an appeal which is hard to resist.

Yet these are the allurements offered by Mr. J. W. Greene, whose recently formed Pharos Film Company is conducted from an office in Cheapside, London, E.C.

Some time ago Mr. Greene inserted advertisements in periodicals concerning the forthcoming film expedition. They were worded:

"Opening occurs for lady or gent to take active financial interest in expedition to the Indian and Pacific Oceans for the purpose of taking a series of educational films.

"The services of a well-known Hollywood director have been secured.

"Ideal climate, continuous tropical scenery, and a nine months' healthful cruise on board luxurious steam yacht, state-room cabins with every attention.

"Share of profits according to amount invested, the latter being fully protected by first-rate security.

"Invalid entertained.—Apply, J. W. Greene, The Pharos Films, 41, Cheapside, E.C.2."

Such announcements, combining both pleasure and a prospect of making money, were doubtless intended to attract financial support from those who had both money and leisure.

A recent caller who interviewed the Mr. Greene in his office in Cheapside found him almost wildly enthusiastic about the possibilities of the expedition.

* * *

That he is a very ambitious man there is no doubt.

He did not claim to know much about travel or educational films. He was leaving that to others, but implied that he knew the South Seas as well as the back of his own hand.

His eyes shone brightly. On this particular occasion he pointed an eager finger to photographs and plans of yachts pinned to the walls of his office.

Together, the illustrations made quite an impression, but were actually the type of pictures one can easily obtain from any firm of yacht salesmen.

The promoter spoke impressively of his intentions about victualling the vessel which was to sail the South Seas. He had been in touch with a famous firm of caterers who were to supply victuals fit for a king, but nothing definite had been arranged.

In fact, Mr. Greene seemed to have thought of almost everything, though he seemed a trifle vague about details.

During the interview Mr. Greene talked freely about arranging a series of broadcasts suitable for the "Children's Hour" at various points on the lengthy itinerary.

He had apparently not yet approached the B.B.C. in this important respect, but I can say on good authority that, in any case, such a series of broadcasts would be impracticable.

Mr. Greene was also a little hazy about the actual route which was to be followed, but he mentioned there would be seventy points at which the yacht would stop.

* * *

Neither was he particularly definite in the matter of possible profit-making—a circumstance that was not surprising when one considers that the South Seas travel market is already adequately covered by existing world organisations.

According to Mr. Greene, quite a number of people have been impressed by his scheme.

He has stated that eight saloon passengers have already invested anything from £2,000 to £8,000 to ensure their accommodation.

In the circumstances it is strange that he should be anxious to obtain small sums like £20 from young men to whom he promises jobs as stewards on board the yacht!

Mention of the vessel brings me to the point that up to the moment no yacht has yet been purchased or chartered by Mr. Greene.

He has stated, however, that he intends to buy the "Ocean Rover," now lying at Southampton; but he does not want the fact to be generally known.

As the expedition is due to set out in February, it seems to me that Mr. Greene had better expedite matters. For the organisation of such a scheme requires lots of time and work, and it must be handicapped at present by the fact that no yacht is yet ready.

When Mr. Greene was asked for bankers' references he became once more a little hazy and referred to a "Mr. Fish," who was his financial backer.

* * *

Personally, I am not very much impressed with this newly-formed Pharos Film Company. I am very dubious about the proposed expedition and the prospects of those who put money in the venture.

It may be that the opulent folk who have already invested are prepared to take a risk with their money—that is their own business. But I deprecate the idea that stewards and other members of the crew should be asked to deposit cash in such a speculative venture as this one is.

Mr. Greene has made it known that one of his advisers has suggested an expedition in search of Captain Kidd's treasure, but he had rejected the idea in favour of educational films this time because such a prospect seemed "more reasonable."

Whether it will also prove more profitable remains to be seen.

I have my doubts.

Monstrosities (like this) from the South Sea Islands should make good subjects for Mr. Greene's camera-men!

Pit Boy's Death Riddle

WITHIN recent weeks the mangled body of fifteen-year-old George Henry Senior, a haulage hand, was dug from beneath a pile of rocks, rubble and coal in the main travelling road of Cortonwood Colliery, West Melton, near Rotherham.

In the late afternoon a "shot" was fired under the supervision of a deputy and two men. Senior had been sent on a message and was actually within a yard or two of the point of the explosion.

He was killed instantly.

Young Senior left school a year ago and, like his brother, went to work in the pits. On the day of the accident the brother saw him go to work on the afternoon shift. Later on, he saw a body being taken away, but was unaware it was his own brother.

* * *

Naturally, every precaution is taken for safety of men at the pit face during shot-firing operations. The usual thing is for the ripping shot to be fired by a deputy, who has two men keeping watch.

It remains a mystery why young Senior was allowed to get near when the operation was taking place.

At the inquest the deputy, John Fielding, said his two assistants were miners named James Wilson and James Smith, and that the shot was fired at No. 160 stall. After he had made the necessary preparations, he posted the two watchers.

The shot brought down about ten tons of debris, and the body of the boy was found buried beneath it.

It has since transpired that the boy was given a message to take to another deputy, and to do so *he had to pass the point where the shot was being fired.*

Why wasn't the boy stopped at the dangerous part of the main travelling road? The watcher whose duty it was to keep possible intruders at a distance stated at the inquest: "I could not say how he got there; I have no opinion in the matter."

* * *

He also admitted that he had moved away from the vantage-point to have a drink out of his bottle with another pitman some thirty yards away, but declares that no one passed in the meantime.

The fact remains that the boy was in the dangerous part of the road and that he was killed.

Experienced pit-workers assert that this sort of thing ought not to have occurred. The regulations governing the employment of juveniles in such circumstances should certainly be examined to ensure that no similar calamity can occur.

Scandal of Captive Daughter

FLORENCE was thirteen years old and lived with her parents in Lower Vauxhall, Wolverhampton, when a childlike prank occurred that has so far changed the normal course of her life.

Little Florence—whose full name we do not give for obvious reasons—was fond of cycling, but she had no bicycle. Two years ago she and a youth, a little older than herself, saw a bicycle standing outside a working men's club.

In turns they rode the machine and were enjoying themselves immensely in an innocent childish way when they were stopped by a policeman. They explained they intended to return the cycle when they had finished their fun, but the escapade ended in their being brought into the juvenile court.

As a result the boy was exonerated, but the girl was taken from her father and mother, both hard-working, respectable people—her father had been a Grenadier Guardsman—and sent to a cottage home a few miles from Wolverhampton, to be looked after by a foster-parent.

Surely rather harsh punishment, to say the least, for a little girl who had never hitherto been separated from her relatives?

While living in the cottage home the girl began, naturally, to fret. One day she heard a rumour that her mother was dead, and in a moment of exasperation she escaped and made her way to Wolverhampton.

* * *

Rumour had lied, for the girl's mother was alive and well. It was a relative who had died. But in an hour or two officials had taken the child back to the cottage home.

For a while her father and mother were allowed to visit her, but some time ago they were informed that little Florence had been removed to another unknown home.

Her father has informed my special investigator that, ever since, he has had no direct news of his little daughter. "She has been kidnapped by officialdom," is his pathetic comment.

He fears that because of a trifling childish prank the girl may be kept away from her family until she is eighteen.

Interviews with the local probation officer, education authorities, magistrates and clergy have failed to elicit the address of the home where Florence is now living. All that her parents know is that she is said to be well and letters will be forwarded.

Now this seems to me to be a monstrous state of affairs. She has disappeared for two years. The girl's mother is suffering severely from anxiety, her health and sleep are being impaired, and the family life is rendered a tragedy, all for a childish escapade.

Surely in the original circumstances some other form of punishment could have been found for a thoughtless act. To treat the young delinquent as a hardened criminal is utterly opposed to British ideas of justice or fair play.

* * *

I ask the Wolverhampton education authorities to reconsider their decision and permit the girl to return home, where she will receive the affection and attention of her respectable parents.

This treatment of a child is little better than kidnapping—even though it may be legally permitted.

"Take care of your health by letting me take care of you."—says Mr. Shadforth

SOUND ADVICE

Make GOOD HEALTH *Your New Year Resolution!*

THE SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS PUBLISHED BELOW WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR SEARCH FOR GOOD HEALTH. ***Accept this NEW YEAR OFFER!***

DURING the next few months particularly, it is only common sense to take steps for safeguarding your health! Be prepared! Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. The pain and discomfort which follow normal eating, "nerves," those racking headaches, that "too old at Forty" feeling—be rid of them in 1938! There is a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment—a remedy which has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid. They are reasonably priced and will save you doctors' bills. Go to your chemist to-day, or send direct, and let Shadforth Prescriptions bring you back to health! ***Accept this offer***

FREE

with every order and for a limited period only.

Mr. Shadforth's Book of Prescriptions,

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Containing 96 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of doctors' prescriptions written in plain English.

A book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. "John Bull." Book No. A 200. Jan., 1938.

BANISH LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices **9d.** (36), **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 222), price 2d. post free.

STOP THAT COUGH

The New Chest and Lung Tonic.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617.

Price 3s. per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

Mr. Shadforth's Book on Coughs and Chest Troubles (No. J.B.203), post free on request.

CHILBLAINS

Keep the body warm by exercise, friction and clothing. Don't live in hot rooms and get warm by going too near fires. Use any or all of the following—directions with each:—

(1) **Chilblain Ointment (No.681),** for unbroken Chilblains. Price **1/6.**

(2) **Chilblain Tablets (No. 588K),** for increasing the density of the blood. Price **1/6** and **2/1.**

(3) **Birch Tar Soap,** for washing and stimulating the skin. **(No. 830).** Price **1/-.**

(4) **Heart Tonic (No. 632)** for stimulating the circulation of the blood. Price **2/6** and **4/6.**

The Shadforth Booklet on Chilblains (No. J.B.325) post free.

HEAD COLDS

CATARRHAL CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price **1/3** (including pipette) and **2/6** (including pipette and atomizer).

Prescription No. 1445XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 348) on this subject is supplied at 2d., post free.

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

(Prescription 565K)

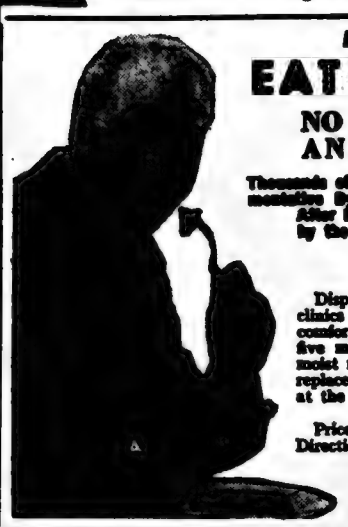
A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your Tea, **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.**

Prices, post free in airtight canisters, **2d., 9d., and 1/-.**

Did Xmas Feasting Give You Pain?

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING



Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness After Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1677.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS "WHITE LIONS."

Dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians, they give prompt relief and comfort. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices: **9d.** (24), **1/6** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions), with Directions.

"White Lions" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG

Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible, for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1106T.** Prices: **2/6** and **5/6.**

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.342) price 2d. post free.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No.632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

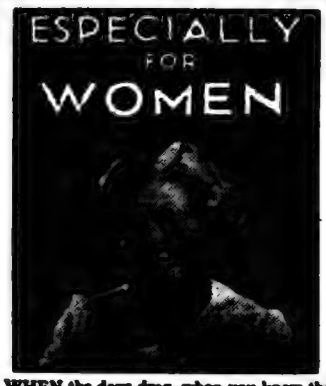
The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

HÆMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 204).** Prices **9d.** (12), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B.325) price 2d. post free.



WHEN the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take **"Shadphos"** Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS.

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

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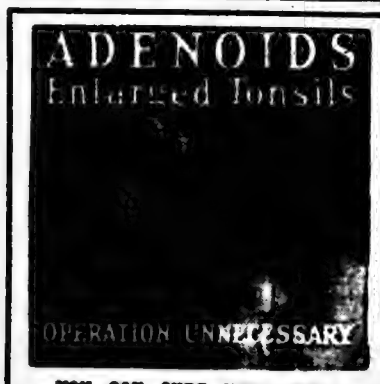

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Havoc of Quack Home-Builders

House-buyers are being outrageously defrauded by quack architects. Legislation to curb this evil is now being championed by Mr. Lovat Fraser, lawyer M.P. for Lichfield. This article tells you of the havoc wrought by the quacks.

EARLY last summer a young couple had a small house built near London. The wife decided on gas fires for every room; a local architect drew up the plans.

Not until autumn, of course, was it necessary to light the fires. Then, one evening, the husband arrived home to find his wife slumped unconscious in a chair, with the room full of choking fumes.

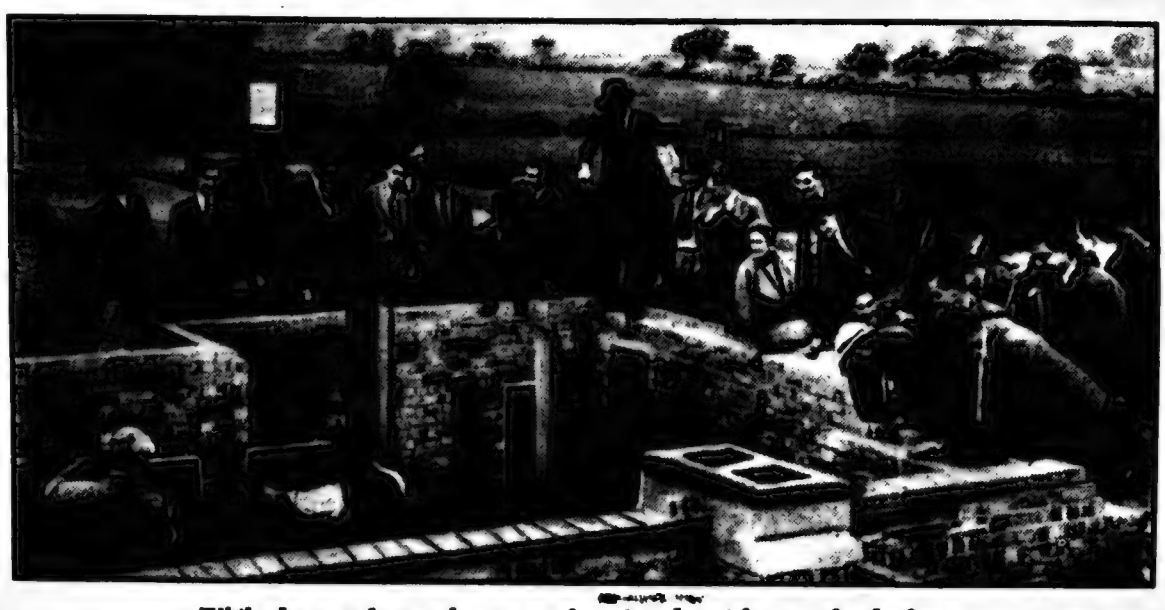
Threatened with proceedings, the gas company investigated and found that the house had been built without chimneys!

The company disclaimed responsibility, since their workmen had naturally assumed that where there was a fireplace there would be a flue. The builder also refused to take the blame, because he had followed the architect's plans.

And the young couple have refrained from taking action against the architect because his financial position is such that they could have no hope of recovering the costs, let alone damages.

They are, in short, just two of the recent victims of untrained, unscrupulous quacks who pose as professional experts and are allowed to do so by law.

As a memorandum just issued by the Institute of British Architects points out: "There is nothing to prevent anyone, no matter how uneducated or illiterate, from putting up a brass plate and calling himself an architect."



While these student architects are learning their job properly, the know-nothing quack is allowed by law to defraud house-buyers

Now, an architect's job is not only to plan a house, but to see that it is built according to plan and that the materials used are those specified.

"An architect, alone among professional men, is entrusted by his client with the expenditure of his money," says Mr. Sydney Tatchell, Chairman of the Registration Council. "It is only the integrity and experience of the properly trained and qualified man upon which the client can depend for the successful result of his outlay."

But the last concern of the quack architect is his client's interests. His sole aim is to line his own pockets with the least effort and the greatest speed.

To this end many of his kidney have an arrangement with a number of firms in the building trade whereby they draw commission on all orders.

Even if reputable firms indulged in this disreputable practice it would not be so bad, for the house-purchaser would at least be assured of good materials, though he might pay through the nose for them.

But no firm of repute will do this, for the excellent reason that if a registered architect accepts commission, or has shares in any company dealing with building materials, he is liable to be struck off the register.

Shoddy materials

Consequently, the quack architect works hand in glove with dubious firms supplying inferior materials, for which the client pays first-grade prices.

Not until months or years after he has taken possession of the house does the buyer discover that he has been the victim of a fraud, and then the only remedy is litigation—provided he can stand the expense.

For example. A man who was about to retire decided to invest his life savings in a small house. He bought the plot of land, got in touch with an architect and outlined his ideas. The latter assured him that he could leave everything in his hands, and in due course produced plans and an attractive drawing of the front elevation.

The house was built, but before the buyer had been in it a week he realised that many of his ideas which the "architect" had commended were hopelessly impracticable—a fact which a qualified man would have realised from the start.

But worse was to come. Within three months all the sanitary appliances, supplied by a firm recommended by the so-called architect, revealed defects necessitating their immediate replacement.

Deliberate fraud

Before the winter was out little more than a few blisters remained of the three coats of "special" paint specified by the architect.

This is neither an extreme nor an isolated case of deliberate racketeering. Similar instances could be quoted by the score. In one it is the paintwork or fittings, in another the brickwork, in a third the tiles. In every case it is the unfortunate purchaser who has to pay.

Unfortunately, the great majority of house-buyers are as reluctant to question the qualifications of an architect as they would doubt the standing of a doctor or solicitor.

Many do not realise that on his knowledge and vigilance during the building depends whether the house will still be habitable or saleable when they come to pay the last instalment twenty years hence.

And, because the quack's fees are usually lower than those of a trained man, he does not lack clients. Moreover, there are numerous jerry-builders who advertise "architect-designed" homes and charge architect's fees, but whose "architect" is often no more equipped than an office-boy, and receives almost an office-boy's salary.

Row after row of mass-produced, jerry-built houses around our big towns bear silent witness to the utter incompetence of the quacks engaged by these "makers of planned homes."

A few weeks ago a speculative builder called on a big London architect, who had a watching brief for the vendors of the land on which the builder was going to erect a hundred and fifty low-priced houses.

His instructions were limited; so long as the plans were good enough to pass the local authorities he could do nothing.

At a glance he saw that the plans were the work of a man who could scarcely draw. The projected houses were just brick boxes with a lid.

He enquired who was responsible for the plans.

"My architect," answered the builder proudly.

"Has it occurred to you," said the expert, "that all these houses will face north?"

"What of it?" snapped the builder. "They sell."

The architect remonstrated that as the kitchens and larders were at the back they would get the sun all day, while the living rooms would get none at all. Half an hour's thought by a skilled man would have changed that block from a badly-designed collection of inconvenient homes into a well-planned block with a southern aspect.

But the builder's reply was that all the other houses designed by his "architect" had sold well, and to engage a "man with letters after his name" would cost him money.

Rotten estates

A fact borne out by whole estates of ugly, ill-arranged dwellings is that even where there has not been an actual fraud on the quality of materials specified by the quack, many thousands of people are being swindled on the value they receive for their outlay.

By sheer negligence or incompetence they are deprived of all the amenities they have a right to expect and which skilled planning would provide for the same money.

Quite apart from the ethics of this scandal, with its monstrous disregard for the pockets and convenience of their clients, builders stupidly forget that for a small outlay in employing the services of a qualified man they could reap bigger profits.

A small speculative builder approached one architect recently with plans for ten houses on an estate which the latter controlled. The plans were so utterly, incomprehensibly bad that they could not be passed.

The builder was told that there were dozens of qualified architects who would be pleased to prepare for him plans of houses that would cost no more to build but would fetch at least £25 more apiece.

He took the advice, returning in a few weeks to inform the architect that he had sold the ten houses on a new set of plans with an additional net profit of £20 a house.

JOHN BULL'S demand, however, is not that speculative builders should be helped to bigger profits, but that protection should be given to the many thousand potential victims of quack architects.

And this protection is the aim of the Architects' Registration Bill, which is now receiving Parliament's attention for the second time.

Tabled by Lord Crawford last January, and passed without a division in the House of Lords, it was "Talked out" in the Commons.

Renewed efforts are now being made to secure its passage into law during the coming session.

The memorandum issued by the Institute of British Architects, to which we have already referred, pledges support to this proposal that no one should be permitted to call himself an architect unless registered.

Some authorities in the profession, we are aware, fear that the Bill will impose on architects an autocracy similar to that wielded by the General Medical Council over medical men.

We see no reason, however, why an amendment to the Bill should not avert this possibility.

The most important consideration is the public's welfare.

House-buyers must be safeguarded against the wiles of scoundrels, some of whom cannot draw a line with a ruler, who pose as architects in order to fleece the unwary.

And this is a task which needs Parliamentary authority.

It should be undertaken without further delay.

What was Yours?

We all make them, don't we? We resolve to do this and we resolve to do that. And how many of us keep up our New Year resolutions, anyway? But why such a question? To have made a resolution and attempted to carry it out is something.

Seriously, though, there is *one* resolution you should make and put into action forthwith. Resolve right now that you, your wife, your children and your home shall throughout 1938 be safeguarded against common everyday risks and dangers.

You can secure this protection *FREE*. How? Simply use the Forms in the announcement on page 35 for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938.

In this announcement you will also find some details of this Security Gift that is unique in Weekly Newspaper Free Insurance. Turn to page 35 immediately.

UNDERWORLD OF OUR BIG CITIES—

Every great city h
except by the pol
prosperous "show
little-known distri
crime expert, Sta
their problems at
the deadly feuds o
by others equally

City
Gar

When I was in Glasgow recently there were two gang fights in two days. It is in the area near this street that the fighting usually starts

AROUND any corner in this ill-lit Glasgow main street the trouble may start.

The night-beat police keep their ears wide open for the first cry and the clatter of fugitive feet over cobbles, telling them that some of the "boys" are at their dirty work again.

They never know what they may have to face.

Sometimes it is a tiger battle of rival factions calling for heavy police reinforcements, and ending with a score of arrests. At others it is a quick affair of skirmishes, diverted into side alleys.

Yet always—no matter what degree of warfare—there are severe casualties—broken heads, slashed faces, savagely kicked bodies.

East of Bridgeton Cross, a mile and a half from Glasgow Central Station, is a fan of dismal streets, with London Road as its backbone, Celtic football ground at one tip and the curving Clyde at the other.

It is the home of the Glasgow gangs—the land of terror.

Explore this region at night and you sense an overshadowing furtiveness. Figures slink in and out of dark entries. The stranger is watched, followed. Go up to a man to ask a direction and the chances are he will turn on his heel and scuttle away.

Warfare

He is suspicious of you, frightened of you, frightened of being seen speaking to you.

But all the time you are in those mean streets you are under observation. Just because they do not like strangers in gangland.

Without exaggeration there is an underworld atmosphere. There is nothing quite like it in any other British city.

Nearest counterpart that I know—but with many points of difference—is the Edgware Road neighbourhood of West London, which has a jungle all its own.

After the public-houses have closed members of the gangs gather in Bridgeton. They stand at corners waiting for the early editions of the Scottish newspapers—sold on the streets from eleven o'clock—with the dog-racing results and the forecasts for the next day.

It is usually about this time the warfare starts. Something—probably quite inconsequential—strikes the spark. A member of one gang fancies he has a grievance, perhaps, over a girl. He passes the word round.

His gang—scouts out ahead, main body in reserve—go looking for another.

The enemies meet and clash.

Supports for either side flow from the dwellings. Women join in, fighting alongside their men. Ordinary decent people, who may be caught in the turmoil, race for shelter.

Police cars scour the streets, dropping relays of constables at the danger places. Ambulances collect the seriously injured.

Those who have escaped with minor wounds receive first-aid and return to their lairs to plot vengeance.

So the feuds carry on interminably in this east end of the "Empire's Second City." Flaring up, dying down, blazing into open hostilities again, and making life intolerable for respectable working-class people.

Recently, when I was in Glasgow, there were two gang-fights in two days. At a police station I was shown one of the weapons collected after the second affray. It was a long, fluted sword-bayonet of the old French Army pattern.

These things are sold at junk-shops for use as stove-pokers. In Glasgow they are bought for other purposes, and their turned edges sharpened.

Gang-law

With such a weapon a young man was gouged in the face and body. He lay in hospital, a police officer by his bedside. Questioned, he gave rambling evasive answers. He would not tell who struck him down.

That is gang law—fear-inspired. Never talk or worse will happen later—to the "squeaker" and to all his friends and family.

It is the only code of conduct the gangsters observe, entirely for self-preservation.

All manner of weapons are used in these Glasgow street battles—iron covers taken from water hydrants, hatchets, crowbars, knives, broken bottles and glasses for stabbing at the eyes of an opponent, and, worst of the lot, a safety-razor blade sewn under the peak of a cap.

When the cap is worn the edge of the blade does not show. But snatch the cap off, strike a sweeping blow with it, and a face is gashed open from cheek to cheek.

The scar of such a wound is never lost. There are many men and some women in Glasgow to-day bearing the marks of this wicked weapon. Even the police have not escaped.

Judge the extent of the gang warfare from the fact that fifty-four arrests were made after one outbreak. In another running fight a man was killed.

The good citizens of Glasgow do not care to talk about the gangster peril. They would rather pretend that it is exaggerated. Publicity, they believe, encourages the trouble. That was why, for a period, the Glasgow newspapers decided not to print the names of prisoners sentenced for gang offences. It was found that leaders of the gangs were keeping their own press-cuttings.

In organisation the gangs are sectarian. East Side, Glasgow, strife is chiefly between Protestants and Catholics.

There is a particular street in which chapel hall and Roman Catholic hall are near together. Whenever there is a young people's gathering at the two halls on the same evening, police are sent to keep the peace by separating the audiences as they leave.

Protestants and Catholics in Bridgeton will not frequent the same public-houses. If they did there would be blows and bottles flying.

Members of the fighting gangs are

IES—I : *Great New Crime Series by Stanley Bishop*

eat city has its underworld, seldom thoroughly explored the police, but not less characteristic than the more us "show" quarters. Into these forbidding and relatively wn districts "John Bull's" senior special investigator and pert, Stanley Bishop, has recently penetrated, studying blems at first hand. His first article, which deals with y feuds of Glasgow, appears below. It will be followed s equally illuminating . . .

y of Non-Stop Gang Terror

mostly youths and young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. Few of them have ever done any honest work. They are just underworld prowlers, living on unemployment relief, and the stray pickings of gambling and crime.

For a period the gangs attempted a racket on the approved American plan. They extracted "protection money" from small shopkeepers. If the trader did not pay his windows were broken and goods stolen. But police action quickly stopped this blackmail.

Every gang has its name. There are the "Nuneaton Boys," the "Kent Stars," the "Derry Boys," and the "Beehives," and each has its own somewhat elastically defined district for operating. Trespass means a battle.

South of the Clyde there is an organised band of a different character, composed of older men, who are housebreakers and burglars.

For some reason—which no one could explain to me—the majority of Glasgow's effective thieves congregate on the south side of the river.

These men work the respectable suburbs. The "higher grade" will migrate for campaign purposes to any town in Scotland.

Lately a series of raids has been carried out in Renfrewshire, adjacent to the Glasgow boundary. In most instances the houses were entered while the occupants were at their evening meal. Upstairs rooms were ransacked, and everything of value stolen.

By accident I learned of an agency which exists in South Glasgow for smuggling letters and parcels into Barlinnie Jail, Glasgow's well-filled prison.

Curious communications, these illicit prison letters. Here is one, which was captured by the authorities, and did not reach its destination:

"You can tell Wattie S—— that Peter W—— is on the floor. Also let F—— know that D—— did not miss his message but got knocked back. Also let B—— know that his brother promised to send the swag to the house, but nothing has come so far, but if it does we will deliver it by rook crook.—Billie."

Ambitious

For obvious reasons I do not give the names in full. The letter was from one housebreaker—temporarily at large—to another in the cells. Incidentally, I should like to know what "rook crook" means in thieves' slang. It is foreign to me.

Glasgow has its busy practitioners in a more ambitious side of crime. The city has a squad of skilled safe blowers, particularly expert and successful—until caught.

With a man who knows the local criminal fraternity, I was in one of the best cafés. At another table sat a quiet, little man in company with a woman and child.

They were taking that elaborate, full-course meal which is called tea in Scotland.

The man was in the forties, well dressed, looked like a clerk, except that his hands were over-big and showed signs of manual work.

Said my companion, "Don't let him notice that you are looking, but that man over there is a safe-breaker. He has been 'inside' and we want him again, but we have not enough evidence.

"There are two jobs which I know he did, but cannot prove. When he works he is too clever to leave anything behind which will connect him with the robbery."

Then I was given the story of a shop safe blown open so carefully that a large plate glass window—against which the safe stood—was not even cracked.

And another incident of three safes in a factory office. Two were "blown." The first held nothing but the firm's books. The second contained books and £20 in cash. The third was untouched.

That was just too bad for the safe-breaker, for locked in that third safe were a week's wages for the whole of the factory employees.

After two explosions in the office, the breaker grew nervous. No doubt he thought it was advisable to get away with the £20 rather than risk another blow-up.

Few mistakes

For safe-blowing gelignite is used. The explosive is placed in and against the lock of a safe. A thick plaster covering is laid over it.

The charge is fired by connecting a lead from an electric light, and then snapping the wall switch.

There is a spice of danger for the operator, but not much if the electric lead-in is sufficiently long. The noise of the explosion is not great; no more than the back-fire of a lorry or the dropping of a piece of timber.

Some of the Glasgow safe-blowers are ex-miners, used to shot-firing. That is how they got their experience.

They do not often make mistakes, although there is one man limping around Glasgow with a hole in his leg from a safe-blowing. He was too near to the safe when the switch was turned, and a piece of jagged metal wounded his thigh.

Juveniles are responsible for a considerable amount of minor crime throughout the city. They copy their elders in house- and shop-breaking.

One bad boy dealt with at the children's court was responsible for no fewer than forty-five cases of housebreaking. He was the leader of a band of twelve thieves, the youngest of whom was ten and the eldest fifteen.

There is more drunkenness in Glasgow than in any comparable big town or city. The percentage of drunks is 6.3 per thousand of population. More than 7,000 persons charged with drunkenness passed through police hands last year.

The deadly habit of drinking methylated spirit and surgical spirit—the synthetic alcohol which can be purchased without hindrance at any chemist's shop—still persists.

Indeed, Captain P. J. Sillitoe, Glasgow's chief constable, in a report to the City Council, emphasises the need for legislation to restrict the sale of surgical spirit.

I was told of something new in the way of drinking depravity. A dreadful beverage which causes rapid intoxication and insensibility is made up as follows:—

A dash of ginger essence is added to milk and the concoction is then aerated with *coal gas* from the house supply. The gas gives the kick to the mixture, while the ginger drowns the taste of gas!

On the credit side of Glasgow this statement must be made. No city, London included, has a better directed or more efficient police force. That applies to all aspects of police work—the uniformed branch, criminal investigation, traffic and records.

Efficient police

In some ways the Glasgow police are ahead of the Metropolitan. Every police car is equipped with wireless, and more efficient results have been achieved with wireless telephone communication between distributing station and patrol cars than anywhere else in the country.

A Glasgow superintendent going round his division in an official car can be called up by headquarters at any time by wireless telephone, and can reply back, giving his instructions.

The city, for its size, has a more complete motor patrol service than London. At no time is any point in Glasgow three minutes away from a police car.

This means that a Glasgow resident, calling for police aid, has a police car at his doorstep within that space of time.

Police telephone-boxes are of a much superior type to those adopted in the Metropolitan area. The boxes are fitted with loud-speakers for use in emergency.

When a member of the public uses one of the boxes to ring up a police-station, the box automatically gives a flashing light signal which tells any patrol car, or police officer, within sight that somebody is at the box needing help.

By this system the time lag in bringing police assistance is halved in comparison with the London police telephone-boxes.

Ready for all

Crime charts and records used in Glasgow are, I venture to think, simpler and more informative than those of the London police.

It might well repay London to copy some of Glasgow's methods. No reason at all why Scotland Yard should not learn from the "Scotland Yard of Scotland."

Next year, with its great British Empire Exhibition, Glasgow is bound to harbour an army of rogues and vagabonds from England and the Continent.

It is expected that twenty million people will visit the exhibition. The crooks of all classes and both sexes will gather to make their haul. The underworld of the city will grow, become more cosmopolitan, and more complex.

But Glasgow police will be ready to take on all comers. I know wl h side will win.

Next week :

Manchester

Short Story

—An intensely moving tale of an old man with a heart of flint and a young woman with a heart of gold . . .

HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

by Christine Jope-Slade

"Oh, sweetheart, let's leave him. He's not a jolly subject of conversation"

THE butler said, "Perky as a weasel with the toothache this morning, Miss."

She met the cook on the stairs in tears.

"Swore at me," said the cook. "There's a perfect gent for you!"

"Going to make him a cake with ninety candles for to-morrow, cookie?" said the cheeky housemaid.

"Yes," said the cook—"with arsenic trimmings and gunpowder in the candles."

The little secretary pattered in to old Sir Roger's bedroom. She was twenty-five and she had been his secretary for three long years. She was leaving him that week to get married. The house had been a prison and the old man a tyrant, but she had stuck it for the money as no one else had. Until her advent he had never kept a secretary more than a fortnight.

"Well," he said agreeably, "you're five minutes late. What do you think I'm paying you for?"

"I'm sorry, Sir Roger," she said mechanically.

"Are you going to make a fool of yourself and get married on Wednesday?"

"Yes, I'm going to make a fool of myself and get married on Wednesday, Sir Roger."

"More fool you!"

A little twinkle danced in her eyes. She was so happy. She had not believed such happiness or such superb serenity could exist in the difficult world to which she had been born, and in which she had worked with such nervous tension and loss of nervous vitality. That was over.

Peace in a little flat stretched before her, and love and happiness and comfort and security. She could afford to be generous to old Sir Roger, lying there like a couple of yellow drum sticks wrapped in white silk.

"What's the mail this morning?"

"I don't know. I'll go and fetch it."

"You know I shall be ninety to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir Roger."

"They all know I'm ill. On tiptoe they are."

He chuckled sardonically and, for the first time, it crossed her mind that he was more than insensitive and unimaginative. He was more than a raging, raving egotist and the most utterly selfish human being she had ever met.

He was evil.

She alone knew how he had disposed of his money, leaving it all to a foreign country for chemical research. Willing it to what might ultimately become the laboratories in which they manufactured horrors for future wars. He knew exactly what he was doing. It was his gesture to a world he despised.

"Go on, get the mail and let's see how sorry they are. 'Darling Uncle Roger,' 'Dearest Uncle Roger,' '*Sweetest* Cousin Roger' is ill!! Ninety to-morrow and I've fooled the lot of them. I shall live on, don't worry. I shall strike a hundred. I won't be like Rockefeller. I'm not going to die, not me. But they hope I am. They hope I am because they think they'll get something when I'm dead. But they won't. Not they! Well, go on now and get my letters."

★ ★ ★

The February sun silted through the heavy curtains. It fell on the four-poster. A period four-poster worth three figures. It fell on the crimson damask hangings and touched them with sudden violent life, as if hidden rubies glowed in the fabric.

"Here's a letter from your sister, Sir Roger," said the little secretary.

How yellow he was. How emaciated. How immensely frail. And how immensely old. Horribly ancient!

"What's my sister got to say?"

"She's ill, too, Sir Roger. The doctor says she must go away for a sea voyage."

"Nonsense! She's a child. She's only eighty."

"She hasn't had a very easy life," said his secretary, remembering years of widowed penury and dozens and dozens of straightforward but rather heart-broken begging letters, some of which had reluctantly evoked an odd fiver.

"Write to her and tell her I feel grand and that I anticipate a great many birthdays. And close those curtains and turn on the electric light behind you and turn the shade down. The light worries my eyes."

She knew he was half blind.

"I can't see this morning," he grumbled. "My sight's worse than ever. Well, go on, go on, who else is after my money?"

"I don't know, Sir Roger. There are the usual cheques for the household expenses. Do you want me to make them out? You know it would be very much easier if you gave me official power of attorney. You wouldn't have to bother so much."

"Not on your life!" said Sir Roger. "My secretary sign my cheques? Not a hope! I'll sign them."

★ ★ ★

"Very good, Sir Roger."

"Well, go on with the song of the mendicants and the beggars and supplicants and whiners and ne'er-do-wells and ineffectuals who appear to constitute my entire family."

"Your niece, Lorna, is getting married, Sir Roger. Shall I read the letter?"

"Married? There's an epidemic of this darned foolery. What do you want to get married for? In order that you may hate the sight of each other's face, loathe the sound of each other's voice. Eating, sleeping, living together like two animals in an under-sized cage, neither of which can escape without all the rest of the human herd pointing the big finger of morality. A lot of sentiment-driven, emotion-racked apes, that's what you are."

"Oh, Sir Roger! She's been so plucky, and they're so hard up. And she's marrying a man whose people have money. It isn't easy."

"What isn't easy?"

"If you're proud and sensitive and well-born like this niece of yours, to marry a man who's got money and position. Couldn't you send her a little cheque for her trousseau? She doesn't ask for it."

"You mean not in so many words."

"Yes," she said, "I mean not in so many words. But I do understand how she must feel. She's been so plucky—keeping herself all these years. But, you know, when you've got to maintain yourself on three pounds a week, you can't save very much towards a trousseau that's fit for the wife of a man whose annual income is nearly five thousand pounds. Sir Roger, couldn't you stretch a point? Let me read you the letter."

She spoke appealingly, but the old man snorted:

"It'll make no difference if you sing it."

But she did read him the letter. It was honest.

His little niece would not take one bean from her fiancé or his family. They were to be married grandly in an old Abbey. She knew her wedding dress bought from a little shop in Berwick Market was wholly inadequate. She

(*Continued on page 24*)

YELLED TRAINER PLUM—
WHEN THIRST'S ACUTE
IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN
TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's
Fruit Gums
& Pastilles

2D TUBES

Gar. 31JB

SORE THROAT EPIDEMIC

Is Gargling any Good?

How often do we hear or say this sort of thing? Resigning ourselves to colds, making up our minds to them as something we can't escape. Haven't you heard of Milton? Right now before someone plants his cold on you, take action. Give the sufferer Milton gargle—get him to spray his nose with Milton or sniff it up the nose. A half-teaspoon to a tumbler of warm water for the gargle, a quarter-teaspoon (not more) to a tumbler for spraying the nose. Used in these ways Milton brings untold relief—cleans out the bacteria-laden mucus from nose and throat—eases soreness, clears away stuffiness and headache. Gargle with Milton yourself and you defeat the cold germs before they reach you. Remember these germs enter and attack through the mouth and nose. Milton kills them at once. And Milton is safe—it can't harm the most delicate mucous membrane—it soothes, heals, cleans.

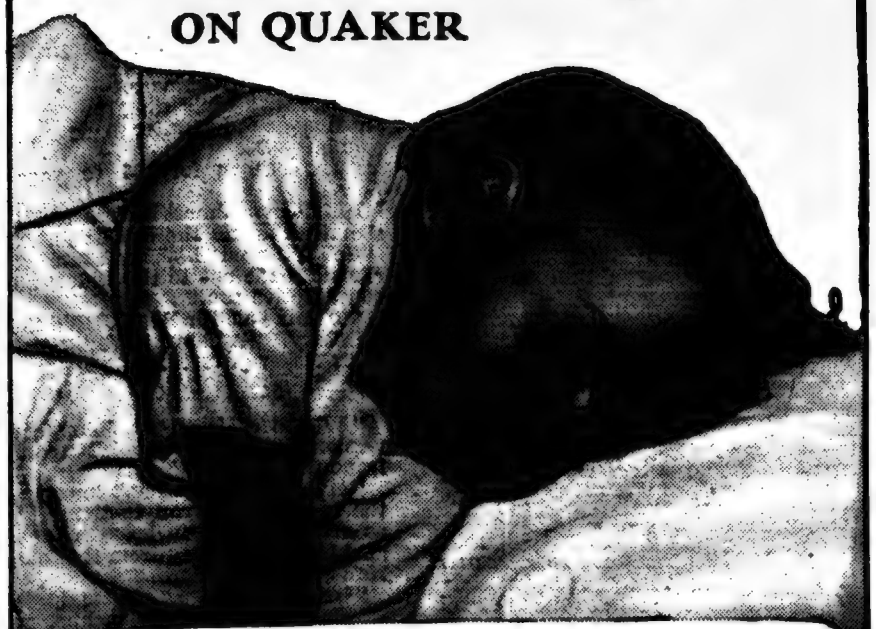
Here is what Mrs. E. P., of Burridge, Hants, says about Milton:

"Just lately there has been an epidemic of sore throats round here, and many I have told of Milton it has cured. I always use Milton directly there is a sign of cold or cough, one gargle puts me right. I also find it very good for teeth, splendid for sore mouth or stuffy nose."

Get a bottle of Milton to-day, before colds begin in your house. A 6d. bottle will save you many a cold. You'll find it useful in lots of other ways as well. For cuts and abrasions it's marvellous—both healing and antiseptic. Better—and much less painful than iodine—the kiddies don't even wince when you put it on.

The 'QUINS' Progress

ON QUAKER



1 Tired out after the day's excitement, the "Quins" sleep soundly. But they wake up fresh and lively in the mornings and impatient for play.

2 Experts had prescribed Quaker Oats every day long before the "Quins" could walk. And on Quaker they quickly grew sturdier. Here is Emilie at 17 months.

3 Birthday cake doesn't taste so good as Creamy Quaker Oats, decides Yvonne. What a difference in this healthy, little girl and the frail mites she and her sisters once were!

World Copyright reserved. Reproduction forbidden.

4 The "Quins" are five of the loveliest little girls in the world now. And how the Vitamin B in Quaker Oats has kept them safe from constipation, indigestion and poor appetite! Vitamin B is nature's own remedy for nervous complaints. Grown-ups and children need a fresh supply of it every day. You and your children can get it in delicious Quaker Oats every day—the same in every way as supplied to the famous "Quins."

278

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d.

YOUR GROCER SELLS THE SAME QUAKER OATS AS SUPPLIED TO THE "QUINS"—BOTH FROM THE SAME GREAT QUAKER MILLS IN CANADA

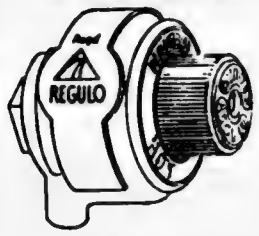
will bring out the full flavour!

"These apples are fine; I can guarantee that; but if you really want to enjoy their full flavour they require precision cooking."

"Yes, I know! I used to hate making fruit tarts and pies until I got my New World Cooker: now I just set my 'Regulo', pop them into the oven, and never worry about the juice boiling over or the pastry becoming soggy—because I know perfectly well it cannot happen! But how did you know about precision cooking?"

"Well, one learns a lot from customers Madam, besides you have only been telling me exactly what happens at home."

The Three Features that make Precision Cooking possible



'Regulo' is the registered trade mark of Radiation Ltd.

For cottage or castle—there is no better gas cooker than the New World, with its three unique Radiation improvements; i.e., single oven burner, direct-bottom-flue-outlet, and the 'Regulo' automatic heat control. These three together ensure perfect cooking, and are only obtainable with the New World Gas Cooker.

This Radiation 'Regulo' Cooking Timer enables you to time exactly any cooking operation. Bell rings at end of cooking time. Simple to use. Obtainable at Gas Showrooms.

NEW WORLD

REGULO-CONTROLLED PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

MADE BY Radiation

Post under ½d. stamp.

To Radiation Ltd., (Dept. S24/8),
164 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Please send me free booklet, "Better Breakfasts"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

COUPON

One
Bob Martin's
once a day

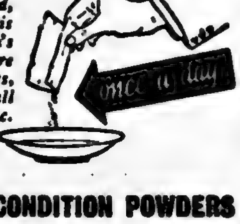
keeps him fit
the 'plus dog' way

A *plus* dog is happy and fit the whole winter through. His daily Bob Martin's keeps his blood free from impurities. That is why he is safe from the blood disorders so common in winter, when bad weather robs dogs of exercise and when they eat richer, greasier foods. And because his blood is pure, a *plus* dog grows a lovely warm winter coat which is proof against the worst cold and wet. *Your* dog can be a *plus* dog and enjoy this winter fitness. Begin to-day to give him his daily Bob Martin's—you'll quickly see the wonderful difference in his health and spirits. Remember the simple rule—'one Bob Martin's once a day'!

If your dog is out of condition

If your dog is scratching, listless or suffering from any of the other common blood disorders, such as loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes, he will need special treatment. Follow the directions given in the Bob Martin packet and soon he'll enjoy glorious *plus* dog health.

Sprinkle the powder in a little milk, or on his food, or drop it dry on to his tongue. Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless. In packets, 6d. & 1/-, from all chemists, dog shops, etc.



BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
for better health, better coat, better spirits

Continuing

His Ninetieth Birthday

knew her going away coat and skirt was inadequate.

"Stretch a point. It's your birthday to-morrow, Sir Roger."

He chuckled.

By and by he dictated a stiff, caustic letter. "Send her a fiver for a wedding present," he said.

Among the mass of business letters there was only one personal letter. It was from a stranger, appealing for a brilliant young composer, her son, who had been suddenly stricken with tuberculosis. If he could go to a sanatorium in Switzerland for a year, they promised him a complete cure. She had no money.

She wrote: "I saw in the papers in one of the social columns that you would be ninety to-morrow. Won't you give a birthday present to a music-loving world and save my son's life?"

"Too much noise in the world," said Sir Roger.

He was nearly exhausted. The door opened to admit the doctor, and the little secretary left them alone. The doctor stopped to look in at the library as he came downstairs.

He said: "Tough as he is, he won't last twenty-four hours. That's my verdict. If there's anybody in this world he does care for, or who cares for him, you ought to send for them—but I doubt if either exists."

She sat there in the library so quiet. Pigeons strutted on the stone balustrade outside. Early snowdrops swung delicately in the otherwise bare brown beds.

"This time next week," rang the wedding bells in her heart. "This time next week."

She looked out into a sun-filled day, and in the beds hundreds of tiny white bells rang in the sunshine silently, "This time next week."

She thought: "I'll take a risk. Maybe I'll go to prison for it. But I'll take a risk. It shall be my wedding present to them, and his birthday gift. Perhaps his farewell gift. Yes, yes, I *hope* his farewell gift. Let them think kindly of him . . . ."

She wrote to his old sister of eighty. Not the letter of his dictation, brief, austere. A warm, gentle letter, and instead of the cheque for £5 to the grocer

Next week—something entirely new in short stories!

Authors of novels everyone has read have been invited by "John Bull" to write sequels, in short-story form, bringing in their most popular characters.

The result is a set of stories unlike any others ever published.

Characters which remain in the memory of countless readers live again in the pages of "John Bull." You certainly must not miss this unique series, beginning next week with a delightful sequel to "Magnolia Street," by Louis Golding.

---

she made one out for £500 to his sister. She wrote a letter to his little sister, a short, charming letter. She made out a cheque for £500 to his little niece for an adequate trousseau.

She wrote a kindly letter to the widow with the musical genius son with tuberculosis. She made out a cheque for £300.

Then, lest she weaken, she rose on her trembling knees and almost tottered up the wide staircase. Sir Roger was lying as she had left him. He looked more yellow, more emaciated and more ancient than ever.

"Here are the letters you dictated to me, Sir Roger, and the cheques for the household expenses. Would you like me to read the letters?"

"No, I'm too tired. Give them to me to sign."

He signed them all, not glancing at them.

"Cheques, Sir Roger."

He scrawled his signature shakily on the cheque to his sister made out for the sum of £500.

"The cheque for £5 to your niece Lorna."

His fingers, almost lifeless, trailed their signature across the cheque for £500.

He scrawled his signature on the cheque made out to the widow with the consumptive son.

"Thank you, Sir Roger," said the little secretary. "A happy birthday."

Sir Roger grunted.

* * *

"What would you get, John, for a conversion of other people's money by fraudulent means?"

"My dear child, I don't know. What's the matter with you to-night? You're as nervy as you can be. Oh, I shall be glad to get you away from that old man! He's getting you down."

"He isn't human," she said.

"Don't let's talk about him, darling. It's become an absolute obsession with you lately. I don't think you realise how Roger-ridden you are. Look at your hands, love, shaking and shaking."

"He's ninety to-morrow. The doctor said he wouldn't live, but doctors don't always know, do they, John?"

"Oh, sweetheart, let's leave him. He's not a jolly subject of conversation."

She said: "Well, he's rather on my mind."

That night she did not sleep at all. Her night was terror-stricken and hag-ridden. It was true he had signed the cheques in his own hand. But if he swore the figures had been falsified, even though they had not been directed for her own benefit, what would she be?

The next morning, after having been violently sick twice, she made her way, ice-cold and shivering, to Sir Roger's house.

The blinds were not drawn. She turned round preparing to run down the steps. A policeman was passing.

As she looked at him, she knew a blind unreasoning terror. The terror that flees.

She thought: "If they find out and I am disgraced, I should throw myself into the Thames."

Her mind seemed to swing out of her body and become the quivering mind of quite another person.

The door opened and Parkins, the butler, stood there. She opened her mouth, but no sound came.

"Well," he said, "he won't be wanting you this morning, the old boy. He died an hour ago. We're just going to pull the blinds."

She looked up at the house. Fascinated, she watched the cook swing the curtains over the big windows. Fascinated, she watched the parlour-maid draw the blinds in the long drawing-room. A private Hell was being shut down before her very eyes.

The butler caught her as she fainted.

Millionaires for a Week!

UNTIL New Year's Day, the twenty-eight-year-old Yorkshireman whose photograph you see here had never been to London in his life. But for the past week he and his cheery young wife have been staying in luxury at a West End hotel, enjoying a round of sightseeing and entertainment, all at JOHN BULL's expense.

This "millionaire" for a week is Mr. T. D. Brown, of 113, Green Lane, Acklam, Middlesbrough. It was in *Bullets* 25th Birthday Contest, towards the end of the Old Year, that he captured the huge First Prize of £25 Monthly, £1,000, Car, Radiogram and Millionaire's Celebration Week—by making a simple resolution.

"I will stick to my bob's worth in *Bullets*!"

That, he tells us, was his promise to himself and his answer to friends who chaffed him for preferring quiet evenings at home with his hobby to visiting theatre or cinema.

* * *

His reward for carrying out that resolution came when, after four years of happy perseverance, he entered his splendid First Prize *Bullet*, JOHN CITIZEN—"GENTLEMAN"—*Keeping* BRITANNIA 'STANDING."

But Mr. Brown is only one of scores of enterprising JOHN BULL readers who made 1937 a golden twelve-month by winning *Bullets* First Prize for a few well-chosen words.

Sailing round the world with his mother on a 40,000-mile luxury *Bullets* cruise in s.s. *Franconia* is a thirty-three-year-old Ilford haulage contractor.

Settled in his fine *Bullets* Ideal Home is a young Reading bachelor; his mother, too, shares in the fruits of her son's pastime. Snug in her cosy little home under the downs at Shoreham, an elderly widow blesses the summer day on which she entered her First Prize *Bullet*.

* * *

Readers in many different walks of life have climbed the *Bullets* hill in the past year. Electrician, insurance worker, unemployed labourer, council employee, small shopkeeper, chauffeur, quarry worker, lorry-driver, printer, housewife, invalid bachelor, colliery worker, signalman, mill worker, docks foreman—these are but a few of the competitors who saw their opportunity in *Bullets* and grasped it with both hands.

See that the big *Bullets* opportunities of 1938 do not pass you by—and begin by entering this week a coupon from page 39.

The more durable VARNISH STAIN . . .

When you use Varnene for staining and varnishing your floors you are sure of a durable, high-gloss finish. Varnene flows readily and is easy to apply. Also excellent for renovating furniture.

Sold by Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

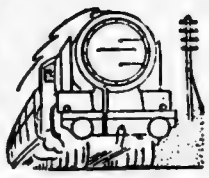
TINS 6d. 1/- & 1/6
V/CX/39

VARNENE
OIL VARNISH STAIN
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4

The driver says—

I'm *the best advertisement for* FRY'S COCOA

Tom is fireman on one of the great engines that go roaring up to Scotland. It's a tough job, but Fry's Cocoa keeps him fit. It's so strengthening and full of food value. His wife always makes him a delicious steaming cup at bedtime, and even when bedtime for him is daytime, he sleeps like a top and wakes up full of energy.



C.38.10837

● FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

FRY'S—FOOD AND DRINK IN ONE

YOUR

HEAD WON'T ACHE

AFTER

2 Tablets of Phensic

Within a few minutes of taking these amazing 5-ingredient pain-stopping tablets, your headache will have vanished completely. And you will have no after-effects. For PHENSIC is not a drug. PHENSIC stimulates, makes you physically and mentally bright and alert. That is why Doctors and Nurses everywhere recommend PHENSIC as the swift, sure and safe Pain-killer and Tonic pick-me-up. Get PHENSIC to-day!

Sold everywhere. 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

for NEURITIS NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO COLDS, CHILLS and 'FLU take

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

Q. "What is best for Bronchitis, Colds and Coughs of the Elderly?"

ANGIERS is the answer

Those who have the care of the aged and feeble can confidently rely on 'Angiers' to afford adequate protection against the weakening effects of Winter. 'Angiers' is both healing and strengthening. Because it is very palatable, and restores tone to the organs of digestion, it can be assimilated even by the most delicate, who will, in consequence, derive the utmost benefit from its soothing, building and invigorating properties.

Angiers is unequalled for bronchitis, and for coughs and chronic catarrhal affections generally, whether of lungs, stomach, or intestines. It improves appetite and nutrition, and what is of great importance, promotes normal, regular action of the bowels.

There is no better tonic for the aged, and none that has such a general soothing effect.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Send coupon for FREE SAMPLE

The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. CC.23) 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush—but *it must be* **KOLYNOS** to ensure attractive teeth and firm, healthy gums. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of **KOLYNOS**, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Try it.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

FOR "COLD" COMFORT TAKE

NIPITS

1/3 NOSE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

of all Confectioners

Get rid of DRY SCALP

Have vigorous, healthy hair with this ***HAIR DRESSING*** *that ends Dry Scalp*

More than half the men in the country suffer from Dry Scalp. Dry Scalp is the cause of dry, lifeless hair, dandruff, scurf, falling hair and eventual baldness.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle a few drops on to your scalp, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it's doing your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger—more masculine and vigorous looking. You'll never suffer from Dry Scalp troubles.

And "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/-. (3 times as much in larger bottle.)

Prices not applicable to I.F.S.

FREE OFFER: Send 1d. postcard for free sample of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to: Dept. JB1, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!

'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp like an side of bath.) Price 4d. 4563

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

Storm Clouds of Matrimony

Perpetual sunshine they expect, but storm clouds may roll up!

ONCE I saw two pictures on marriage. The one showed what a young engaged couple imagined it would be like—"Roses, roses all the way." The other showed the same couple many years after their marriage.

It was a very different picture. They had found not perpetual sunshine, but the mingling of clouds in their sky. Life was a round of "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing." Here is one husband who has had the same experience. He says:—

My wife and I have been married eighteen years, and we have two children, a boy of seventeen and a girl aged five. For fifteen years we lived in a crowded, rather grimy district, and, in spite of spells of unemployment, were relatively happy.

But for some time now I have been in a permanent job, and just over two years ago we decided to move to our present address, which was Paradise after our former surroundings. Then, contrary to my wish, my wife decided to have her mother with us and I saw trouble ahead.

When her mother had settled down with us, my wife started to go out to work, and consequently I was deprived of practically all her company. I sought relaxation in the public-houses, as more often than not I found the house empty on my return from work.

Gradually things became worse and my wife began to find fault with everything. I became so sick of it that I told her if she was not satisfied she knew the remedy. Little did I dream that words spoken in the heat of the moment would have the effect they did, but shortly afterwards she went away with her mother and the younger child.

To this day I have no idea where they are living, yet my wife has several times slipped in to do some washing for the boy and myself and tidy the home. Should I beg her to return? I feel I should, but my friends say, "You'd be a fool; she'd do it again."

I ADVISE this man to ignore those gloomy people who prophesy that the same trouble will happen again. It will not if both he and his wife have learned a lesson. I think they have. His wife shows she still retains her interest in her home by going back to do some of the household work.

The man himself says, "I should like to beg her to return." I suggest, therefore, that these two should have a frank talk together. If he does not know where she is now living he can surely leave a letter for her which she will find the next time she calls.

The first question to settle is that of the mother-in-law. As her incursion led to the estrangement and finally the break-up of the home, it would be a good thing if she could find accommodation elsewhere.

If she has no money of her own, my correspondent might agree to give her what help he can afford.

This man, on his part, can promise to give up his drinking bouts (he will be wise to do so, in any case, if he wants to keep his permanent job), and with mutual understanding there is no reason why that home should not once again be the Paradise it was when they first moved into it.

SOME letters make me angry. Listen to this one:

We have been married nearly four years, this young man writes, and owing to my wife not understanding my passionate and affectionate nature, I turned to one of her best girl friends for sympathy, thinking it would be quite harmless.

However, this girl and I have both ardent natures, the friendship has developed quite seriously, and we have even thought of going away together. But I don't really want to break up my home and leave my wife with our baby boy.

Things came to a climax recently and I told my wife all about it. She took it badly, and I am sure that she wants me and loves me, too, so I don't know what we ought to do.

There is only one thing for him to do. He must remember that such entanglements, however alluring at the moment, can only lead to unhappiness, untold misery, and very often disaster. He must put that other girl completely out of his life and give his wife and baby the love and care that is their due.

As for that "best girl friend," I won't waste words on her. She knew this man was married—and to her friend. Where does her sense of loyalty or even decency come in?

Any unhappiness she may have to endure is of her own making.

IS the husband in my next case a snob? It sounds like it. His wife tells me that he has a fairly decent job, but with his consent she went back to her work in order to give their child a good education.

"Yet my husband does not want his firm to know that I go out to business, and for that reason he will not bring any of his business friends home. I happened to mention that I had met one of them and he was absolutely furious.

"He seems to want to give the idea that he has private means. He likes all the extras our combined salaries provide—good holidays and a little car—and yet he is ashamed of the fact that I help to earn the money.

"I have a job of good professional standing and I cannot understand his attitude at all.

"It is worrying me dreadfully and making me lose sleep."

This husband cannot have it both ways. He must choose which it is to be for the future. Either he must subdue those snobbish feelings or he must be prepared to allow his wife to remain at home.

In the latter event they will all have to go without some of those comforts which they are at present enjoying. If he wants to sail under false colours and give the impression that he has more money than he himself earns, it must not be at the expense of either his wife's happiness or her health.

TWO of the most common causes that affect the happiness of home life are gambling and jealousy.

I am only twenty-two, says one girl. I have been married for three years and we have a lovely baby who is now twelve months old. My husband is a born gambler and goes out every night, leaving me by myself.

We are getting badly into debt, and I think the only way out is for me to leave my husband and go out myself to work. A neighbour has promised to look after baby, but I shall have to take him to her every morning and bring him back at night.

Is there not some way of bringing the husband to his senses? I don't like the idea of that girl adopting the course she suggests.

It is not fair to her to have to work all the day and then have the baby to look after at night.

Has her husband no parents or other relations who could talk to him? Failing that, is there not someone of influence in the neighbourhood who would do so?

Every effort is worth making to avoid a break-up of their home.

When he realises there is a danger of that happening it may help to pull him up. This man has a definite responsibility for the welfare of his wife and child.

If his wife goes out to work he will escape that responsibility. He should not be allowed to do so.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Secret is Out!

JOHN BULL has promised its readers something big as a New Year surprise—and here it is!

The most wonderful Gift ever made by a paper to its readers: "THE PRACTICAL HOME LIBRARY."

Here are twelve magnificent volumes of vital usefulness for every member of the family—books that in the ordinary way would cost you at least £4 4s. Yet JOHN BULL *offers the complete library absolutely free and post free!*

Don't be too late for it! Turn to the centre pages and apply at once.

What ATE NINETEEN THIRTY SEVEN!

The people who enjoyed 1937 most are the people who ate Pan Yan regularly! Pan Yan's delicious flavour brightens up any meal, and what's more, Pan Yan is specially blended to give people the kind of digestive stimulation they need. 'Good temper starts in the stomach,' and it starts when people's digestive organs are properly STIMULATED. Pan Yan's made to do the trick! So if you want a happy New Year, make a resolution never to forget Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

SEVENSEAS
COD LIVER OIL

. . . nature's substitute for summer sunshine

Winter ills and chills, recurrent colds and 'flu, are directly attributable to lowered vitality caused by *lack of sunshine*. Cod Liver Oil replaces this deficiency.

Our own Ministry of Health acknowledges the value and proved pedigree of Cod Liver Oil when it says "YOU need Cod Liver Oil." Nor does the League of Nations Nutrition Committee mince matters: "Cod Liver Oil is vital to daily diet," it states. There is no substitute for Cod Liver Oil. Why experiment?

Why?—"SevenSeaS" is the best natural source of vitamins A and D. It is palatable, reasonable in price, and in "High Potency" form only a few drops are necessary. The palatability of "SevenSeaS" is a revelation. You can take it with ordinary foods—and only a few drops are necessary. You can give it to the whole family and scarcely notice its cost.

Exposure to the constant risk of winter ills—or a few drops of High Potency "SevenSeaS" daily. Which will *you* choose?

HIGH POTENCY OIL
(you only need 5 drops)
1/3 bottle

HIGH POTENCY CAPSULES
(25 capsules) 1/6 bottle
(50 capsules) 2/9 bottle
(100 capsules) 5/- bottle

STANDARD OIL
10d. & 1/3 bottle

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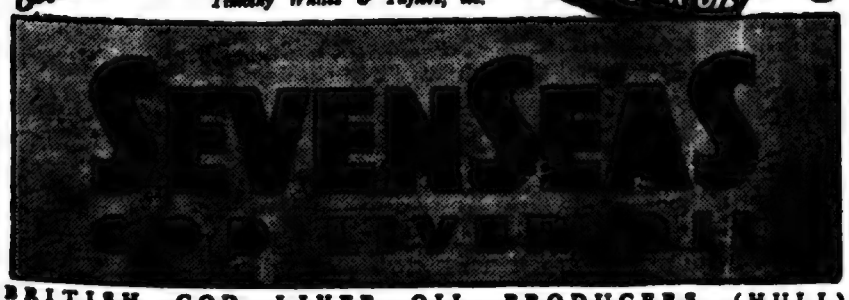

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It began as just a "common" cold . . . neglected . . . complications set in . . . and now . . .

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If you suffer from these painful maladies, do not give up hope. Stated to be incurable, Miss Sharp, 8, Hayes St., Apsley Bridge, Wigan, writes:—

"I suffered two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation, and could not walk or sleep. My finger ends used to go dead. I had no use in my limbs and was stated to be incurable. I took Vitadatio, and after 3 doses felt the circulation moving, and now, after 13 bottles, I can walk and do my own work. My friends say I am a Miracle."

Remarkable recoveries in cases of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Blood Troubles are continually being reported. If you suffer—it will restore you to health and strength. IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- and 3/- per bottle (Post 6d. extra in U.K.) from VITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

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"BETTER BREAKFASTS"

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Adventures of a Rolling Stone

KIDNAPPED BY THE POLICE

by Conrad Phillips

"Like a flash, Kirkwood had the man covered."

WHEN you have been knocking round the world for a few years, taking all the knocks and getting yourself into jams, you either wake up to realities and attempt to settle down, or go on, in blissful ignorance, oblivious to the dangers that lurk in your path.

After my Havana adventure I asked myself where this rolling-stone existence of mine was leading. I saw that, if I continued it, I should end up like those old Johns I had seen in California—a social misfit, with nothing to look forward to in my old age except riding freight trains and jeopardising my liberty to satisfy my hunger.

Not good enough. My inherent pride—or vanity—demanded I do something about it.

Taking stock of my qualifications, I was ashamed to discover I could do nothing well except fall in and out of trouble. But what worried me most was the fact that my education was far from complete.

My first move towards establishing myself in the world, therefore, was to remedy it.

America offers all ambitious young men opportunities to improve their education. If a youth is poor he can work his way through a university. I did that.

Returning to Los Angeles, I was lucky enough to get a job as a filing clerk in the office of the Santa Fé Railway.

For the next three years or so I applied myself to work and study. It was a weary time. Once you are infected with the wander-bug it is not easy to get it out of your system.

Every so often you have a relapse and find your feet itching to take to the road again.

Despite employment in several interesting occupations, I found settled life boring. I wasn't allowed to do as I liked.

This discipline did me a lot of good, and in other ways it did me harm. To what extent we shall see later on.

Having acquired through hard work and personal sacrifice a first-rate education, I decided to return to my native country, where I hoped to carve out a career for myself. My wandering days were over.

But the forces of life have a habit of making you do what circumstances demand. Glowing with ambition and high spirits, I returned to my native England, only to find when I arrived that the labour markets were swamped with able men.

After a few weeks I found to my dismay that Old Man Fate had given me a rather hefty kick in the pants. He had landed me fairly and squarely in the mud with little money and without hope of a job.

To be unemployed in England is humiliating. The class system makes destitution a social crime.

If they catch you wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence and convict you, you automatically qualify for the onerous title of rogue and vagabond. If they catch you again, you earn the distinction of being an incorrigible rogue and vagabond.

Such honours did not appeal to me. Realising that England offered no scope for my talents, I turned towards the U.S.A. again.

★ ★ ★

But when I attempted to get back I was alarmed to discover that a quota system had been instituted. This meant that I, as a British subject, would have to wait my turn with other people who wanted to enter the States.

I was not, however, to be outdone, for there was always Canada. Once I was in that country it would be a simple matter to slip across the border.

As things turned out, I was not much of a hero with my family. This was due to my swank. When I was abroad I had written reams and reams of lies concerning myself. The purport of them was that I was making tons of money.

Naturally, when I had nearly spent out they were surprised that my means were so limited. With bitterness in my heart, I went down to London docks and got a job on a cattle boat bound for Montreal.

I was a different person from the lad who had sailed the Atlantic several years before. No longer was my mind tinged with the gorgeous colour of illusion.

My perspective had broadened and I saw a world—a tough world—in which you had to fight with every ounce of your being to keep alive. It was a world of inequalities—a world in which millions and millions of poor wretches were compelled to live in dire poverty so that a few could enjoy luxury.

When I arrived in Canada I received another shock. It was while I was riding the rods of a freight train that was thundering towards the Pacific coast.

Cold and wretched, with cinders hitting me in the face I learned for the first time that I had changed.

Settled life had given me an appreciation of comfort, had developed my faculty for caution, and while I was being bumped about on those rods my mind became filled with all sorts of terrifying thoughts.

★ ★ ★

What if I were thrown from the rods and crushed to death? What if I contracted pneumonia and died?

I would have given the world just to go back to the old days when I was ready and willing to risk anything. But you can't do that. There is no return ticket.

I was going to Vancouver and I figured it would be easy to nip across the border at Blaine. I tried it.

The Federal man there said: "Where you goin', son?"

"Centralia," I replied.

"Live there?"

"Sure."

"Long?"

"Ever since I've been born."

"You must know all the folks there by now?"

"Nearly all."

"How's the Chief of Police?"

"Fine."

"By the way, what's his name again?"

That stumped me. I remember blushing and stuttering.

"O.K., brother," he growled, pointing to the Canadian side, "on your way."

I went back to Vancouver, where I got a job washing dishes at a restaurant. It was hard going, but I was happy in the thought that I was independent and had a bed and three square meals a day.

While I was here I met Alexander Kirkwood, an ex-Liverpool detective. He was running a very successful private enquiry agency at the time. Tall and muscular, he was about thirty-four and had remarkable enterprise and intelligence.

One night he drove me home to my hotel in Richards Street. He shut off his engine and discussed a plan he had in mind for opening an office in Los Angeles, suggesting he might appoint me as his agent.

While we were talking a man on the other side of the road—a complete stranger to both of us—shouted.

At first, we ignored him, but when it became apparent that his abusive remarks were directed at us, Kirkwood became concerned. He concluded that

(Continued on page 30)

How the days dragged; life was weariness itself. But Beechams Pills have changed all that. Now she is full of cheer, looking years younger. You, too, should take Beechams Pills! Let them purify your blood, strengthen your digestion, and renew your happiness. Get a box to-day. *Sold everywhere.*

NOW cheerful and smiling *after taking*

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THE ORIGINAL CONDITIONER

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HERE is the best health insurance for your dog. Give him "Benbow's" as directed and watch his coat grow healthy, his eyes bright—his whole being alert. For over 100 years Benbow's Dog Mixture has been the standby of many thousands of dog owners.

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The following are guaranteed genuine testimonials:—

"I am well acquainted with BENBOW'S and have used it for over 20 years. Winners at all the leading championship shows."

"We use it (BENBOW'S) extensively before a show to bring our dogs to the top of their form."

Of Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere. *Write for full particulars.*

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Most men had the OLIVE OIL SHAVE this morning

... and got these 5 Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.

You won't be left long wondering *why* Palmolive went on more shaving brushes this morning than any other shaving preparation. There are five easy clues to help you! But perhaps the most important of all, is that Palmolive has a palm and olive oil content which soothes the tenderest skin and gives a refreshing after shave effect that's just grand!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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BROKEN AND UNBROKEN

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GRASSHOPPER BRAND OINTMENT

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

6d. 1/3 and 3/- per tin from all Chemists including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or direct from C. Grasshopper Ltd., 9, Bromells Rd., Clapham Common, London, S.W.4

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racks your body—dulls your wits!

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Nothing pulls a man or woman down quicker than pain. It paralyses your body and mind until you're no good for anything, nor to anybody. Don't put up with it! Koray Tablets will rid you of that pain swiftly and surely, will put new life into you, fix you up to do your job properly, all, bear in mind, without the slightest after-effects. Get yourself a box to-day and take a tablet as soon as you feel the old pain coming on.

KORAY TABLETS GIVE INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF IN ALL CASES OF

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WHY SOME CHILDREN THRIVE IN WINTER AND OTHERS DON'T

Most children are given cod liver oil as a winter tonic. But why do some children get real benefit from their cod liver oil, whilst others get little benefit?

NOWADAYS practically every careful mother gives her children a cod liver oil tonic in winter, to build their systems and so keep them safe from colds and epidemics.

Why is it, then, that some children really thrive on their cod liver oil and become strong, sturdy and proof against illness—whilst other children, who are also given cod liver oil, seem to get no good out of it and become pale, easily tired and often ill?

A famous Medical Research Body has discovered the answer: some children cannot take ordinary cod liver oil—their digestions aren't strong enough. They need to be given their oil in its wholly *digestible* form—Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building protective goodness they need."

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for some children to take.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most digestible form of cod liver oil. Soon after taking a spoonful, *every drop* goes to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion actually *helps* your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help still further in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Next time you are buying a cod liver oil tonic for your children remember that *only* Scotts Brand Emulsion has these advantages.

A careful mother—but was she careful enough?

"I think I can say I'm a careful mother," writes a Finchley lady. "Regularly every winter I give my little girl a cod liver oil tonic. But up till last winter she kept catching colds, had little appetite, didn't gain weight properly and always looked tired and peaky.

"Then last winter, just as an experiment, I changed her over to Scotts Brand Emulsion. What a difference! Before two weeks had passed she was gaining weight like a champion, her appetite improved, she looked much better, and I don't think she caught cold all winter."

Continuing

KIDNAPPED BY THE POLICE

the man was one of many criminals he had brought to justice.

"Don't get excited," he said to me as he drew a gun from his pocket. "This guy is either a stick-up man or a gangster who has a grudge against me."

The stranger turned out to be a short, stocky individual. Crossing the road, he paused in front of the car.

In the street light I could see his eyes were blazing. Obviously, he meant business.

"If either one of you move," he said, feeling in his hip pocket, "I'll blow out your brains."

★ ★ ★

Like a flash Kirkwood was out in the road and had the man covered.

"Put up your hands and drop that gun," he ordered.

The stranger looked amazed. For a moment he stared at Kirkwood as if undecided what to do. Then he did a foolish thing—he grabbed the gun that covered him.

While all this was happening I sat in the car, wondering what would come next.

Swaying from side to side, the two of them struggled for the gun. Several times its muzzle was pointing at my head.

"Any moment now," I said to myself, "that thing is going off and somebody is going to get hurt."

Then—BANG! A flash from the gun made me blink and duck. As the men broke away I saw the gun was still in Kirkwood's hand.

The other man doubled up like a jack-knife, moaned, staggered a little; then he began tottering down the incline towards the gutter.

With the gun held loosely in his right hand, Alex Kirkwood watched him, his face now white and his eyes filled with horror.

When you see something like this you want to believe that it's not true; that the fellow staggering down to the gutter with a bullet in him is just a shadow, that it's all some nasty dream, and that you will wake up to-morrow and see the sun shining and know for sure it was only a dream.

Then you hear the whining of sirens, see people hurrying to the spot. The police come, push back the crowd with their clubs and shout: "Get back there! Come on, scram out of it!"

You think you ought to get out of the car and go over to those policemen and tell them how it all happened. But you find that something has crept into your being, something strange that tells you to wait awhile.

Kirkwood had gone in the ambulance with the wounded man before I left the car and made my statement to the police.

They took me down to police headquarters afterwards.

"It'll be O.K. if the guy had a gun," somebody said.

Word came through that the man had died.

"That'll mean that Kirkwood will be charged with murder," another said.

About one o'clock the following morning I found myself in a cell with Kirkwood. He was charged with murder, and I was held as a material witness.

The cell was dark, but there was a light shining from somewhere outside, and I could see my companion's face. It was haggard.

★ ★ ★

Like myself, he was nonplussed by the staggering events that had gone before.

He could scarcely believe that they were true.

Until the break of dawn we sat there discussing the accident from every angle. Both of us were convinced, since our respective statements to the police tallied in all essential details, that after the inquest it would be clearly proved the affair was an accident.

What surprised us most was that instead of finding a gun in the dead man's hip pocket, the police found a beer bottle.

But, in spite of this, I was convinced that Kirkwood would be cleared of the charge.

It did not turn out that way. They found him guilty of manslaughter and sent him to prison for four years. The verdict was incredible to me, for not two of the witnesses who said they had seen the actual shooting agreed.

My friend was ruined. He lost everything he had worked for, and his wife and children had to live on charity.

But he did not serve his full sentence. I understand that after about two years he was deported to England, where I believe he still is.

His punishment was, in my opinion, a travesty of justice.

Now I will tell you what they did to me.

After the inquest, at which it was proved I had nothing to do with the shooting, the police kidnapped me for nine days.

During that time I was not allowed to communicate with the outside world, and even denied the right to see a magistrate.

I was compelled to live with murderers, hold-up men and dope fiends in the most appalling conditions.

The long days dragged away. One morning I was told the chief of detectives wished to see me. He seemed to think he was doing me a favour by releasing me.

As soon as I was free I saw a lawyer. After waiting five months I was awarded £500 damages. They settled out of court, no doubt fearing the publicity that would have resulted from a court case.

Aftermath of the case was sensational. All the officers connected with my detention, except the heads, were punished. One was actually dismissed.

The joke was, he had nothing to do with me and was at the hospital at the time I was taken to the police-station.

If my action did no more, it put an end to the pernicious practice of holding innocent men in prison when they had not been charged.

Next week I will tell you how I went to China and found more thrills.

Special Pools Service—by "Poolex"

READERS are asking me for a systematic entry for Results Pools similar to the plan I recently gave for Points Pools. Here it is:—

I have designed it so that it can be used equally well for ten-, eleven- or twelve-results pools, with an outlay of anything from one to two shillings a week.

If you study the table given, you will see that the first four games (Home Strength Order) are covered for all the possible arrangements of three homes and one draw, three homes and one away, or two homes, one draw and one away.

These are the results most likely to occur in this group.

Matches 5 to 8 are covered for all the arrangements of two homes, one draw and one away, or one home, two draws and one away.

For matches 9 to 12 in Home Strength Order I have used all the possible arrangements of one home, two draws and one away, or one home, one draw and two aways.

The lines used for each section give the best cover possible in an entry of this size, *but there is no guarantee* that the best lines in each section will coincide with each other.

As published, the table gives the full entry for a twelve-results pool only.

For an eleven-match pool, ignore the entry given for match 12.

For a ten-match pool, leave out the markings for matches 1 and 12.

To enter twelve lines only, use the first twelve lines or the second twelve. Don't mix lines from the two halves.

To enter any number of lines from thirteen to twenty-four, commence with either the first or the last line of the complete table and take as many lines *in sequence* as you require.

Lastly, remember that the entry is in Home Strength Order. Match 1 should be your selection of the most likely home winner, match 2 the next most likely home winner, and so on.

Results Pool Plan

Match 1 ...	1	1	1	x	2	1	1	1	x	1	2	x	1	1	2	x	1	2	1	1	x	1	1	1
Match 2 ...	1	1	x	1	1	1	2	1	1	x	1	2	x	1	x	1	2	1	1	2	1	x	1	1
Match 3 ...	1	x	1	1	1	2	1	x	1	2	x	1	1	2	1	2	x	1	1	1	1	1	x	1
Match 4 ...	x	1	1	1	1	1	x	2	2	1	1	1	2	x	1	1	1	x	2	1	1	1	1	x
Match 5 ...	1	2	x	2	1	1	2	1	x	1	x	x	1	x	2	1	1	x	1	2	x	x	x	2
Match 6 ...	2	x	1	x	1	x	1	2	1	x	x	2	x	2	x	2	1	1	x	1	2	1	x	1
Match 7 ...	x	1	2	1	2	1	1	x	2	x	1	x	2	1	x	1	x	1	2	x	1	x	2	x
Match 8 ...	x	x	x	1	x	2	x	1	1	2	2	1	x	x	1	x	2	2	1	1	1	2	1	x
Match 9 ...	2	2	2	x	x	x	x	1	x	1	2	1	x	x	x	1	x	1	2	1	2	2	2	2
Match 10 ...	2	x	1	x	1	2	2	2	1	x	x	x	x	2	1	2	2	x	x	2	1	2	1	x
Match 11 ...	x	2	x	1	x	1	2	x	2	x	1	2	2	x	2	2	1	2	x	x	x	1	2	1
Match 12 ...	1	1	2	2	2	x	1	2	2	2	x	x	1	1	x	x	2	2	1	x	x	x	x	2

Graded Guide

By "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, January 8, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

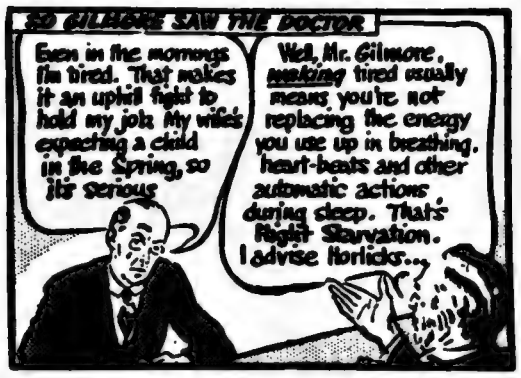
81	Dundee U. v. King's Pk.	28	Southend v. Barnsley.	14	Grimsby v. Swindon.
77	Man. U. v. Yeovil and P.	24	Dunfermline v. Albion R.	13	N. Brighton v. Plymouth.
73	Rangers v. Ayr U.	22	Airdrie v. St. Bernards.	11	Preston v. West Ham.
64	Leeds v. Chester.	21	Edinburgh C. v. Montrose.	10	Derby v. Stoke.
54	Bradford v. Newport.	20	Notts F. v. Southampton.	8	Chelsea v. Everton.
49	Brentford v. Fulham.	19	Cowdenbeath v. Alloa.	7	Huddersfield v. Hull.
48	Reading v. N'hampton.	18	Middlesbro' v. Stockport.	6	Queen of S. v. St. Mirren.
47	Spurs v. Blackburn.	17	Arsenal v. Bolton.	5	Millwall v. Man. C.
40	Bristol C. v. Clapton O.	16	Queen's P. v. Dundee.	4	Sunderland v. Watford.
38	Clyde v. Hibernians.	15	Sheff. W. v. Burnley.	3	Birmingham v. Blackpool.
36	Charlton v. Cardiff.				

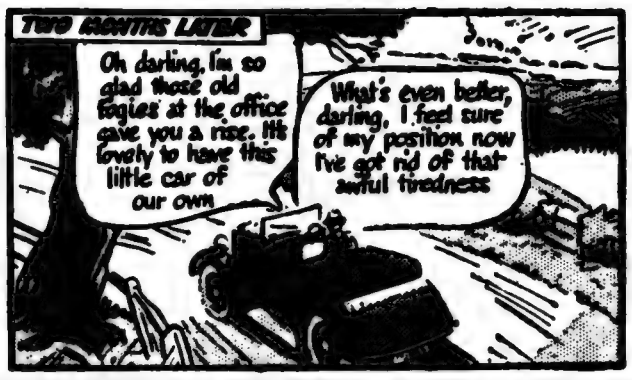
POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Gateshead v. Rochdale.	1	Aberdeen v. Motherwell.	24	Morton v. Partick.	44
Mansfield v. Leicester.	2	Stenhousemuir v. E. Fife.	29	Swansea v. Wolves.	45
Tranmere v. Portsmouth.	4	Hamilton v. Third Lan.	31	Brechin v. Forfar.	46
Oldham v. Rotherham.	7	Norwich v. Aston V.	33*	Hearts v. Celtic.	47
W.B.A. v. Newcastle.	9	Aldershot v. Notts C.	35	Kilm'rn'ck v. St. J'nstone.	53
York v. Coventry.	10	Bury v. Brighton.	36	Barrow v. Halifax.	59
Brad. C. v. Chesterfield.	16	Port V. v. Accrington.	37	Scarborough v. Luton.	63
Arbroath v. Falkirk.	18	Doncaster v. Sheff. U.	38	Gillingham v. Q.P.R.	67
Leith v. Dumbarton.	17	Crystal P. v. Liverpool.	41	E. Stirling v. Raith R.	71
Crewe v. Carlisle.	18				

PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES..

WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER THE BOSS SAYS





Does your husband wake tired - is he overworked, run-down?

GIVE him a cupful of Horlicks — hot, every night at bedtime. He will soon be rid of waking tired. He will have new energy, new vitality, new confidence helping him towards the success that his brains and real ability entitle him to have. Horlicks prices are from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

JOHN BULL'S New Year Gift to You

ONLY 9 MORE DAYS

THE extension of "John Bull's" Great Gift to its readers has brought a last-minute flood of applications. Those who have not yet done so should cash their Vouchers without delay. Vouchers will be accepted as 2/9 and 7/6 respectively in part payment for "John Bull's" exquisite Writing Sets if received not later than by first post, Jan. 15. Hurry!

A TYPICAL LETTER OF APPRECIATION.

Military Hospital, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Writing Set and to state my appreciation. I would never forgive myself if I did not take advantage of your wonderful Offer by applying for another Set. *J. Turnbull.*

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher on the LEFT above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

★

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher on the LEFT below will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement. "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with Pearl and Butterfly effect.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. : Medium. Broad. : Oblique. } Cross out grades of nib NOT required. (2) Fine. : Medium. Broad. : Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

Write Clearly in Block Letters. J.B., 8/1/38.

Cross Cheques or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

I Saw for Myself . .

Townsmen and workless no longer, they find the chance of future prosperity on the land

Miracle of New Lives for Old

By a "John Bull" Investigator

LIVES miraculously changed—this is the miracle I have seen.

From the despair wrought by five, seven, even ten years' unemployment, from the gaunt and ugly towns of the distressed areas, they are being swept into happiness in the countryside and turned into successful farmers.

Typical of them all is Fred Beaumont, who once saved nineteen men from death in a Durham pit accident.

Now, after six years' enforced idleness, he has said good-bye to the mines for ever. Like hundreds of others, he has been advanced £1,000 to win prosperity from the land.

Follow me into the neat, semi-detached house he rents on the Foxash estate, in Essex. Though our wellingtons are dripping with disinfectants as a precaution against foot-and-mouth disease, Mrs. Beaumont insists on showing us over the comfortable, homely rooms.

They are spotless. Mrs. Beaumont's words, too, reveal that she is house-proud.

You soon realise how much it means to a conscientious housewife to be freed from the dust of a pit town. And from her living-room windows she no longer has to look upon the grey, dispiriting, bleak streets.

There is a lawn with flower borders in the front. At the back, glasshouses, cold frames, piggeries and poultry runs, which account for two acres. Beyond are two acres of crops.

You can imagine that, to a man who has spent all his years in the grim mining towns of the North, farming must be as violent a change as engine-driving would be to an Arab sheik. Its difficulties would almost certainly lead to disaster.

So Mr. Beaumont is undergoing training.

He buys his stock from the central farm which serves this colony of 748 acres on which some ninety families have been established.

It also supplies his feeding stuffs at cost price. All the bigger jobs which he cannot tackle himself—ploughing, harrowing, and so on—are done for him on a non-profit-making basis. Tractor ploughing, for instance, costs 10s. an acre.

If he is worried about hens which are laying badly, he can consult the poultry sub-warden attached to the central farm. If a sow contracts pneumonia, he sends for the pig expert. If in doubt about crops, there is a horticultural adviser at hand.

Through the central farm also he sells his produce. Co-operative marketing is compulsory and enables him to get the best possible prices.

The result is that Mr. Beaumont is a happy man. "It's a good life," he assured me. "I wouldn't go back to the pits, not me." To which his wife added that both of them had improved in health since coming to Essex.

* * *

It is a hard life, of course.

Strenuous work from morning until dusk. No cinemas or football matches within easy reach.

An entire absence of the town's bustle, to which most of the settlers have been accustomed.

Quite a few of them give up, either to return home or to find jobs in local towns.

So far, only men from the derelict industrial centres can apply for settlement. They are interviewed by a committee of the Land Settlement Association, which conducts the entire organisation.

Then an applicant's wife is interviewed at home and given a frank description of the conditions awaiting her in the countryside. If both man and wife are keen, the man is sent to one of the twenty-six colonies flourishing in counties so far apart as Northumberland and Sussex, Derbyshire and Suffolk, Cumberland and Gloucestershire.

* * *

Training begins with a few weeks' general work to restore physique. It is significant of the evils of prolonged unemployment that most of the men are neurasthenic.

Then starts instruction on the central farm in chicken-rearing, pig-breeding, packing and grading. Soon he is allotted the holding he will eventually occupy, so that lessons on glasshouse work and the growing of fruit and vegetables can take place on his own land.

At the end of three months, if he is contented and shows promise, he is joined by his family, and continues training for a further twelve months.

During all this period he receives his old rate of public assistance, plus an extra allowance of four shillings a week.

Actually, about one in five of the men dealt with since the association was founded four years ago have had to be displaced, generally in the first few weeks of training.

Some were unequal to the work. Some disliked it. Some had become demoralised by years of enforced idleness.

One tenant, Mr. James Grant, who was once a shopman, then a smith's striker, and is now coaxing prosperity from the soil, outlined the problem bluntly when he told me: "It's a long sight better than the 'dole.' But some of the fellows who've been here came just because they heard they would be given a thousand pounds and thought they'd have it in their pockets to spend."

That thousand pounds loaned to each man by the association comes partly from the Government, partly from such generous benefactors as the Society of Friends and the Carnegie Trust.

Approximately £650 is represented by the permanent assets of house and land, the rest by stock and working capital. The settler pays a fair rent on the former, and must repay the working capital over a period of ten years.

* * *

When he ends his training and becomes a full tenant, of course, his public allowance stops and he must rely on his own labours for support.

What income is he likely to make? The executive officer for Essex to whom I put the question predicted that a capable man would be reaping a profit of £5 a week within four years, and I will wager that some of the men whose crops I inspected will end up as farmers in a pretty big way.

I have rarely seen a better sown plot, with its straight lines of healthy asparagus, spring onions and broccoli, than that which is the pride of a man who for years worked in the iron-ore mines of Cumberland.

It would be hard to find more sturdy litters of pigs than those I saw in the sties of half a dozen trainees.

On this estate alone, incidentally, eight thousand pigs will be reared in the next year; and it is hoped to raise the average number of piglets in a litter to nine (a figure never attained by any farmer) from the present high average of 8.7.

There is a plantation, nearly two hundred acres in extent, of apples, plums, blackberries and raspberries, that will enable men who have missed their crops to tide over the lean weeks by fruit-picking. Their wives, too, can earn five shillings a day in this way.

I heard how the men have formed their own disciplinary and management committee; its genial president, "Commissar" Smith, was busily organising a big annual party at which the villagers would be the guests of the settlers.

I heard grumbles, yes. One man thinks his holding is more infested with rabbits than the others. One woman is jealous of her neighbours' success, forgetting that the latter have been longer established.

Another newcomer finds the P.A.C. has sent her two shillings less than the proper amount, and imagines that she and her husband have been brought to a strange country by false pretences.

Perhaps these troubles, inevitable among people who have been taught suspicion in the bitter school of destitution, may be likened to growing pains.

Still, it is a wise decision to build only detached houses in future, and thus lessen the risk of quarrels between neighbours.

* * *

Certainly the experiment as a whole deserves admiration. Already the association is the largest single producer in the country, and, since it is not allowed to make a profit, the good prices it can obtain by its highly organised marketing system are entirely to the settlers' benefit.

Up to now, 3,378 men, women and children have been moved from the distressed areas; 73 of the men are tenants, 689 are still in training. Every month twenty or thirty applicants come before the selection panels.

In a few days' time, the first batch of penniless Londoners will leave for the great adventure.

Twenty families will exchange the drab streets, the smoke and grime of the city's poor quarters, for the clean air and healthy life of the country at Wyboston, in Bedfordshire.

They will have a flying start, for the estate is situated in one of the best market gardening districts.

At first they will pay 7s. 6d. a week, including rates, for their three- and four-roomed cottages, which are equipped with electric light and all the other services found in town houses. The full rent, to be paid when they conclude their period of training, will not exceed 13s. or 14s.

If they prove efficient, part of the working capital advanced to them will be treated as a gift and written off the loan.

Let us wish them success in their new Bedfordshire homes; let us hope that soon the scheme will be extended still further to embrace townsmen and farm labourers alike.

It would mean more money. It would mean more land, which is admittedly proving hard to get.

But it would mean new hope for agriculture and for many who are now despairing.

Indigestion?

"I suffered so much with indigestion," writes Mrs. Singleton, of Bow, "that I dreaded mealtimes coming round. I was *afraid* to eat. Since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can eat anything. My husband also suffered for years with Gastric Ulcers, but since taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia he has been free from pain."

One dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve indigestion and stomach pain. The moment it reaches the stomach, it neutralises the burning, ulcerating acid. Pain stops, and soon normal, healthy digestion is restored. Doctors everywhere use and recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle today.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Have You Signed?

The unparalleled protection provided by JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938 is yours for the asking. A minute spent using the Forms on page 35. That's all. DO IT NOW.

HIS DARKEST HOUR . . . . .

Thought He Would NEVER WORK AGAIN!

SCIATICA

Caused Disabling Accident Leading To

NERVES, INDIGESTION UNEMPLOYMENT!

Everybody Thought His Case Was Hopeless, But

Dr. Cassells Tablets Made Him A New Man!

Mr. A. FLOOD
As He Is To-day

From Our Special Health Investigator.

Royston Greene

Alperton, Monday.

"The nearer the dawn, the darker the night" runs an old saying. And so it proved in the case of Mr. Flood, of Alperton, Mddx., for it was just when things were at their blackest and when his case seemed hopeless that Dr. Cassells Tablets restored him to health and strength.

When I called upon him this evening, I was met by a cheery individual who was still "full of beans."

"I am a carpenter," commenced Mr. Flood, **"and for years I had suffered from Sciatica. I endeavoured to throw off my disability. But it gradually 'got me down' until I was in a shocking state of 'nerves.'"**

"Did you try any remedies?" I interposed.

"I tried every remedy—except Dr. Cassells Tablets! As a result of my state of shaky nervousness, I slipped on some scaffolding and fell from a building on which I was working! In my fall I suffered a severe blow on the stomach. It put my digestion out of gear and from that time my case got worse!"

"It affected the gastric nerves?" I interjected.

"That must have been it," he answered. **"I could not eat anything for weeks. I had to give up my work and began to get thinner and weaker. Then when everybody thought my case was hopeless and that I should never work again, I saw Dr. Cassells Tablets advertised and decided to try them."**

"Then what happened?" I prompted.

"From the first day of taking this remarkable tonic I began to mend," he answered enthusiastically. **"My nerves were strengthened—my digestion was put right—my sciatica vanished and I became a new man, feeling better and healthier than I had done for ten years! Dr. Cassells Tablets are the World's most beneficial medicine. I am now back at work. This is solely due to that wonderful Tonic and I shall never be without Dr. Cassells Tablets again."**

THE SCIATIC NERVE

The original cause of Mr. Flood's breakdown. Dr. Cassells Tablets conquered the CAUSE and poured New Life into his nerves.

Are You Facing A Breakdown?

Go AT ONCE and get yourself a bottle of marvellous Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS! Experience right away how they will end those

HEADACHES
INDIGESTION
NEURALGIA
INSOMNIA
HYSTERIA
NEURITIS
SCIATICA
"NERVES"
LUMBAGO
DEPRESSION

As Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS soothe, strengthen and tone the whole System, Pain ceases to trouble you . . . the leaden weights of Weakness fall from your limbs . . . Digestion becomes sound and within a short while Health and Energy replace suffering and fatigue. Start a course of Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS *NOW!*

Sold Everywhere 6P, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Give A Face Powder Party

at your home

FREE 100,000 SPECIAL BOXES

TOKALON MOUSSE OF CREAM FACE POWDER

to be distributed free for face powder parties, as below

GREAT HOLLYWOOD cinema stars have voted "thumbs down" on face powder that shows—that gives you a "made up" look. No matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunette powder, and a brunette by using a blonde powder. The only way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side, and see what a difference it makes. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Poudre Tokalon is made by a patented process. (Patent No. 218,154). It was purchased by Tokalon at an enormous price. Send 3d. in stamps to cover costs of postage, packing and other expenses, and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and six packages of different colours, and you can test them alone or with a few of your friends and have a real face powder party. We will also send you two tubes of Tokalon Skinfood for both day and night use. Crème Tokalon is the only cream which should be used with Mousse of Cream powder. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222F), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder and Crème Tokalon are both sold everywhere at 6d. and 1/-.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST

and see how much fresher and younger you will look. Full instructions in article at left.

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves and Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

ARE THESE CASES LIKE YOUR OWN?

"For years I endured great pain through piles, both outward and internal. At 35 I began to feel like an old woman. Zam-Buk ended the irritation, caused the piles to vanish completely and saved me an operation."—Mrs. P. F., Galashiels.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles were very weakening and often I couldn't sit or walk in comfort. Thanks to Zam-Buk the piles have gone and I've had no more pains or symptoms since."—Mr. E. B., Saltash.

ROUGH HANDS!

Just this

Smooth 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into the hands as though you were washing. Do this every night on going to bed.

and this

Pull over some old cotton gloves or the 'night' gloves you can buy so cheaply.

Gives THIS!

Your hands will be beautifully soft and smooth even though you do housework every day. Your nails won't break and crack. That's because 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils in your skin.

Jars 4½d., 6d. and 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
Petroleum Jelly
daily for hands
CLEANSES · SOOTHES · SOFTENS

4434-1

THE BIG HIT
RECORDS BY
THE BIG STARS

GEORGE FORMBY
in his Great Panto Hit—

You Can't Stop Me from Dreaming (With his Ukulele) / She Can't Say "No" — MR2628
The Window Cleaner / Keep Your Seats, Please — MR2199

JOE LOSS AND HIS BAND

Remember Me? / I still Love to Kiss You Good-night — MR2639

BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDEON BAND

Six Hits of 1937 . . . . . MR2642

Intro: Just Remember; That Old Feeling; You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming; In the Mission by the Sea; Old Pal of Mine; Lonely Troubadour. (Vocalist: Ivor Davies.)

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR DEALER'S

Lists from Regal-Zonophone, 106 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (Prices not valid in I.F.S.)

1/6 REGAL ZONOPHONE

Reader's Story by Barbara Henderson

Attacked in the DARK

A murderous-looking jack-knife was poised ready to stab me

THIRTEEN years ago I was nearly murdered.

I was seventeen, and employed at Armstrong-Whitworth's—now Vickers-Armstrong. Because of my age I was not allowed to work on the late shift.

That meant I had to leave my home every morning at 5.15 to get to work by 6 o'clock, for I had a two-mile walk.

Part of the way I had to go through dark streets, and then I came to the brightly lighted main road.

Unlike many girls of my age, I was never afraid of the dark. Although I had made this lonely walk for many years, I had never seen or heard anything to terrify me.

But one morning in the middle of winter I was overcome with an uneasy feeling that I was being followed.

I had, I remember, reached an opening at the end of the street where we lived. It was very dark just here, and if anybody had been behind me it would have been an easy matter for them to have slipped into a doorway without my being aware.

As I walked on the feeling persisted, and it was not until the friendly lights of the main street came into view that I regained my composure.

By the time I had reached the factory my alarm had completely disappeared, and I forgot all about the incident until the following morning.

It came to me again as I was eating my breakfast. And, recalling it, I decided to take another route. This was a longer way round and I had to leave ten minutes earlier.

REACHING the factory safely and without incident, I called myself a fool for yielding to unfounded fears.

On the third morning, however, I had not gone ten yards along the street when I again felt that I was being followed.

Indeed, I could feel the presence of a sinister figure lurking in the shadows and I was terribly alarmed.

But, even in my panic, common-sense prevailed. It was, I saw, futile to lose my head and lapse into hysteria.

The only sensible thing to do was to keep walking. Just the same, every step I took I expected to be the victim of a savage attack.

The suspense was almost unbearable and I could feel my nerve cracking. But just as I was about to break down completely, I heard the voices of two workmen.

Never was anybody more thankful at the sight of two men.

Relating my experience to some of my friends later, I was annoyed by their sceptical attitude. But, in spite of what they said about my excessive imagination, I was firmly convinced that I had been followed.

Not wishing to alarm my parents, I decided to say nothing to them about it. But I was terribly worried and afraid.

What I could do to ensure my safety I did not know. The police would, I imagined, adopt a similar attitude to that of my friends.

At last I hit upon an idea that promised to solve my difficulty.

If I bought a strong torch and walked with it alight, it would deter any would-be assailant. I did this, but, ironically enough, I never used it, for the climax of this drama came at night and not in the morning.

Every Thursday evening it was my custom to visit friends who lived at Bensham, on the other side of the Tyne.

On this particular Thursday I had gone over there as usual, and, having spent a very enjoyable evening, set out for home.

My friend and her brother volunteered to walk with me to the Bensham end of the Redeugh Bridge. Although I was quite happy in their company, I began to imagine, when they had left, that I was being followed again.

By the time I had reached Newcastle I was so nervous that I regarded everybody with suspicion.

ON Rye Hill — a wide, dimly lit thoroughfare, with houses on one side and high-walled gardens on the other—I noticed a man walking on the opposite side of the road.

Almost level with me, he was walking at the same pace and was watching me constantly.

It was too dark to see his face, but I could distinguish his figure plainly, because he wore a light raincoat and walked with a limp.

Needless to say, I was scared almost out of my wits. But when, at the top of Rye Hill, he disappeared, I breathed relief. Reaching Cross Parades, I hurried towards home.

Half-way along Cross Parades, opposite York Road, there was an arch, leading to a back street. I had just reached this arch and was hurrying past, when somebody leaped out from the shadows and knocked me against the railings.

Scream I could not. The suddenness of the attack struck me dumb. All I could do was to hang on desperately to the railings. The man was kneeling and tearing at my stockings and clothing.

Suddenly I found my voice, screamed for help and hit out for all I was worth.

In the dim flicker of a distant street lamp I saw something in the man's hand—a murderous-looking jack-knife was poised ready to stab me.

WITH incredible strength I gripped the man's wrist and kicked him. Like a demon I fought for my life.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the street-door of a house open. A woman was racing to my aid.

Scrambling to his feet, my attacker made off. His shambling, limping figure vanished round a bend as the woman came up.

"Good God! child," she cried, "what was he trying to do?"

"Murder me," I managed to say.

She bent down and picked something up from the road.

"Another minute," she said, displaying the knife which the monster had dropped, "and you would have been dead."

For days afterwards I was a bundle of nerves. I dared not leave the house and I was scared to stay in alone.

A week passed before I ventured out of doors, and then I always had somebody with me.

One Sunday morning I was walking with a boy friend along the street where we lived. A man in a light raincoat was standing in a shop doorway. When he saw us he hurried away. His limp left no doubt who he was.

Hurrying home, I told my parents that I had seen the man again. They insisted that I went with them to the police-station and report the matter. Being afraid to appear in court, I refused.

As things turned out, I was glad I did. A day or two afterwards I learned that the limping man had been taken to an asylum for attempting to murder his wife.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 93516, Barbara Henderson, 134, Monday Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Race with "Silver Ring."

Drinmore Lad

NOW that the Grand National entries are known, trying to find the elusive Spring double will be the game of the moment.

Several correspondents have stated that they would not have Airgead Sios at any price, as they have seen in print that he possesses an invalid's heart.

From the way the son of Werwolf jumps I think a lion's heart would be a better description; but I am coupling with Royal Mail the stable companion, Drinmore Lad.

I made a particular note of the gelding at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, and, if Royal Mail gets 12 st. 7 lb. at Aintree, the "Lad" may be a better proposition.

Brendan's Cottage and Galapas are suggested for the Saturday double at the Gatwick fixture.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 6, to Wednesday, January 12.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: KTE2U would read SAMMY.

ASTHMA

DISAPPEARS ENTIRELY

After Twenty Years' Suffering

Kenton, July 29th, 1937.

"I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from your Do-Do tablets. I have suffered from Summer Asthma for over twenty years, and this year I started my usual attack in June. Usually it lasts until August, but after using all my old remedies without relief, I heard of Do-Do and thought I would try a box. Much to my surprise I was able to ward off impending attacks and after taking about 14 tablets my asthma seems to have disappeared entirely. I can hardly believe I am free from this exhausting complaint. My doctor endorsed their use after I had shown him the formula and he is as pleased as I am at my recovery."

(*Signed*) W. H. W.

Thousands have obtained instant relief and speedy cessation of all attacks by means of Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets. A unique combination of potent medicaments of recognised value. Do-Do is the supreme medicine for the treatment of Occupational Asthma, Nocturnal Asthma, Bronchial Asthma, Cardiac Asthma, Catarrh-Complicated Asthma—in fact, any form of adult Asthma. One Do-Do tablet will "work wonders" in all cases of Difficult Breathing or Night Coughing. Sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere at 1s. (7 full doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size).

CHILDREN'S COUGHS STOPPED

—Like Lightning!

DON'T let your children endure those terrible coughing attacks. Protect them *now* otherwise your neglect may ruin their lives. The finest remedy for all children's coughs is VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE. It stops the cough *like lightning*, eases at the first dose, strengthens the chest and lungs and *arrests development of dangerous germs*. Whether your child has a Loose Humid Cough, Hard Dry Cough, Morning Cough, Whooping Cough or Sore Throat, give a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE instantly. Also if *you* are coughing don't forget to take a dose yourself. VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the acknowledged FAMILY Remedy!

VENOS Brand LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11½d, 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

OVER 1,500,000 FAMILIES

Acclaim "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938

OVER a million and a half "John Bull" families have enthusiastically acclaimed "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938 announced last week. Our readers know how essential Security is to their home happiness and how comprehensively "John Bull" provides that Security.

The most vital factors of home life—husband, wife and children, and the home itself—are all protected. It is this all-embracing protection that makes "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift unique. In addition to providing generous benefits for Accidents in the Home, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, etc., "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

"JOHN BULL'S" UNPARALLELED RECORD.

Since the inception of this unrivalled bulwark of family security, "John Bull" has distributed to its registered readers or their dependants more than £600,000, and no greater testimony to the value of our Insurance Gift is needed.

ONLY ONE REGISTRATION NEEDED.

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15), and all Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid in addition to any amounts a registered reader may receive elsewhere.

If you are already a registered reader there is no need to re-register for our Great Free Insurance Gift for 1938 unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have NOT registered, start the New Year well and wisely by doing so to-day. For the sake of your dependants and your home and for your own sake, too, use the Registration Forms below TO-DAY—there's nothing to pay.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 8/1/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/1/38.

Take

Elasto

and Be Rid of

LEG TROUBLE

** Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.*

Kill Kidney Germs—Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes, endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and Infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Cystex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 8 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. From all Chemists—a fair offer.

Enjoy Vigorous, Healthy Hair with this new HAIR DRESSING

—You can try it FREE!

"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC is *the* hair dressing to end dry scalp, and it keeps your hair perfectly in place. Try it and Test Free! All you need do is to send a 1d. postcard to Dept. J.B.1, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10, and a free sample will be sent by return. Write to-day and end all your dry scalp troubles once and for all.

GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of New Treatment for CHEST & HEAD COLDS

Fill in the Coupon on page 27.

DON'T let that cold take hold of you. Thermogene Vapour Rub will quickly loosen and clear the stuffiness and congestion of the nasal and bronchial passages and quickly break up the cold.

A free generous sample of Thermogene Vapour Rub will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on p. 27. This offer is too good to be missed, so act at once and try this New and Efficacious Remedy NOW. Turn to p. 27.

RHEUMATICS

SPEEDY RELIEF AFTER PROLONGED SUFFERING

For 100 years Eades Brand Pills have given immediate relief from the agonies of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, Arthritis. Eades Brand Pills break up and dissolve the accumulation of uric acid and cleanse the system of the resultant waste matter. This double action curative property gives them a great advantage over purgative chemical salts or dangerous drugs which do not alone eliminate poisonous acid deposits.

EVIDENCE "After wasting much money and suffering the curse of gout in many ways. . . 'THANK GOD FOR EADES.'" Cardiff, July 1937.

"My wife has derived great benefit from your Pills. She suffered Neuritis for months. Doctors and other medicines failed until she tried your Pills. Relief set in after the first dose. Now she will never be without them."—Anerley, S.E., December 1937.

EADES Brand PILLS

IN BOTTLES at 1s. 3d. or 3s. FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Trust Snowfire Tablet

to banish ugly roughness & painful cracks

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

Ambitious Readers—

Don't overlook the Bennett College announcement on p. 14.

CROSSWORD No. 91.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the ninety-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 27, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

COMPLETE DARTS OUTFITS added to "JOHN BULL'S" FINE PENSION and CASH OFFER!

2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £300

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2ND RUNNERS-UP

ANOTHER SURPRISE OFFER COMING NEXT WEEK!

PATENT DART CABINET AND BOARD
COMPLETE WITH DARTS

With each prize of £1 or more goes a handsome walnut "Bradwood" Darts Cabinet of patent design, with full-size Board and Darts, providing endless home entertainment for you and your family. If preferred, Crossword Season Ticket

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Suffering
4. Jerrybuilder's houses usually are, before they are built
8. Cover for box
9. Highway
10. Everybody in stalls
11. One often gets rabbits in one
12. Catch sight of
16. People always go out for the highest one they can get
18. Climbing down may make one this
20. Forward
22. Weep
24. Short for steamship
25. There's money in this
28. There's a lot of mud in this in bad weather
29. Buildings for exhibiting antiquities
30. One on stage is frequently attractive
31. Sometimes seen crossing open country

DOWN

1. Theatre manager usually has a special one for Xmas
2. Be ill
3. Unemployed
5. Is sometimes spruce
6. One who's been banished
7. Ceases to live
9. Loud one on counter will attract customer's attention
12. Medicine is sometimes prescribed for
14. Rest often makes this necessary
15. It's nice to have on toast
17. There are some who relish them
18. A pronounced one may be awkward
19. Often damages natural beauty
21. There should be plenty of air in this
23. Amateurs in these occasionally raise a laugh
26. Otherwise in Winchelsea
27. Sometimes gets a bit sore because of baby's teething
29. Master of Arts

£3,700 WON IN CROSSWORD No. 88.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 88, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following eighteen competitors:

S. G. Ashcroft, Hillcrest Lodge, Ivor, Bucks; J. C. Barlow, 182, Park Lane, Macclesfield; R. Blunts, Stradbroke Rd., Avonbridge, Stirlingshire; Miss E. Cartwright, 58, Dudden Rd., Saffron Walden; Miss D. M. Cotterill, "Oakfield," Lissenkine Junction, N. Wales; W. F. Dunn, 88, Dunsen Lane, Welling, Kent; M. H. Hawkins, 76, North Rd., Stoke Newington, N.; C. J. V. Jackson, 26, Park Crescent, London, W.; J. Jenkins, Hereford, Gidmouth; Mrs. A. F. Logie, St. Brendan, Burntisland, Fife; J. H. Logie, Cromwell Rd., Burntisland, Fife; Mrs. M. W. Millen, 6, Trinity Ave., Hessle, E. Yorks; Mrs. H. Moore, 98, Henry Rd., Rickmansworth, Herts; Mrs. Neil, 11, Belleisyhill Rd., Ayr; J. F. Park, Four Elms, Buckingham Rd., Shoreham-by-Sea; R. Pears, 98, Union St., Walkeny; T. D. Phillips, Brynhaul, Saron, Llandeilo, Carms; Miss B. Turner, Ropley Cott., Ropley, Alresford, Hants.

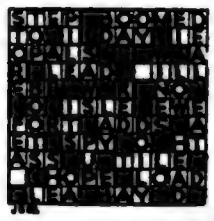
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £3,250, and a cheque for £180 11s. 2d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £250 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 348 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 14s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £200 will be divided between cash winners who made a "Crossword Gazette" reservation in accordance with the terms of the offer.

WINNING SQUARE

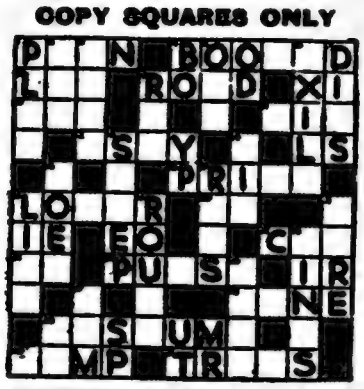


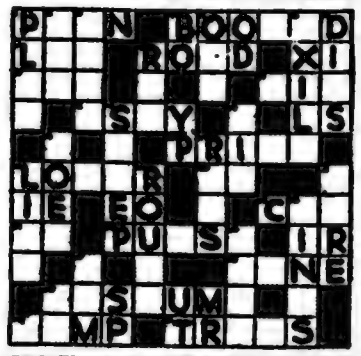
The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

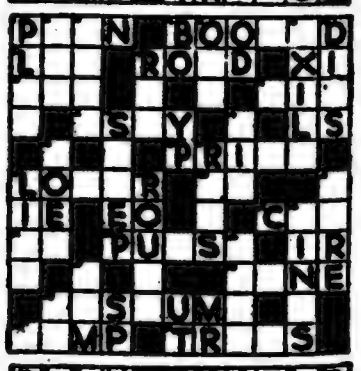
Two blank spaces indicate that at these points BILL or GILL and FEAR or FEAT were regarded as apt answers of equal merit.

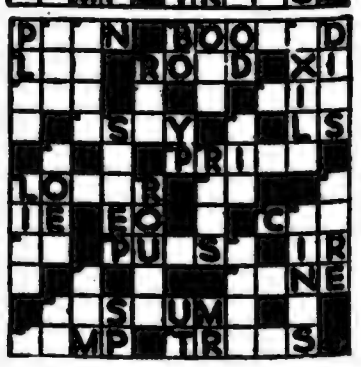
Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



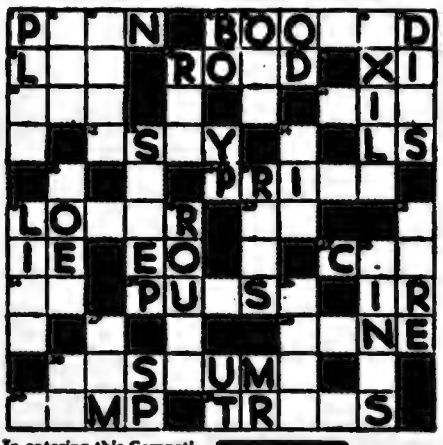


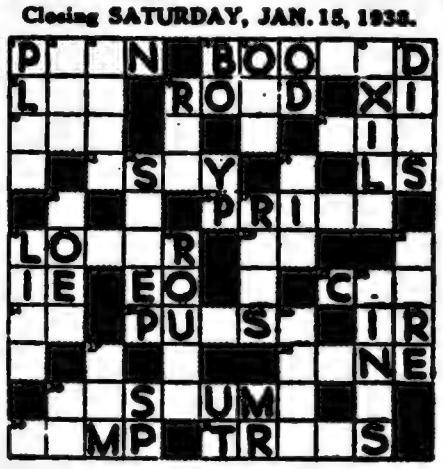




CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 91. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

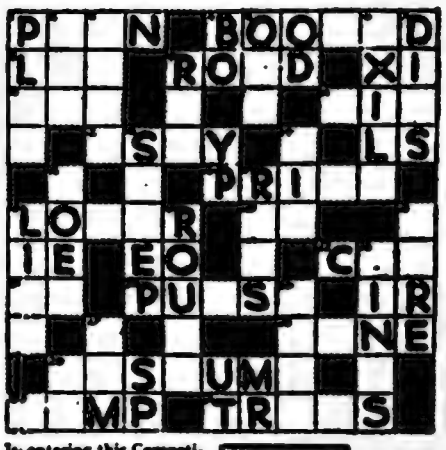
SIGNED .....

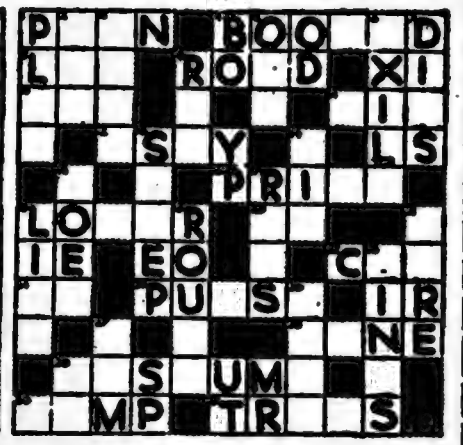
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 91. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 91, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 15, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, February 1, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 35.

FREE

Enclose this Coupon with your Entry to secure Free Weekly Aid of "Crossword Gazette."

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette," containing Crossword Adjudication Committee's findings and other practical aid with "John Bull's" puzzles.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage on my free copies.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

My Favourite Heroine

Model for Young Lovers

by Chester Mordant

● *"It is impossible to describe her charm." — Bessie Love, who played the part of Eva in the silent film of "Young April"*

BEING, like all cynics, the complete sentimentalist — for only the armour of cynicism can withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked and shield the tender heart of the sentimentalist from unnecessary pain, I have chosen Eva, the heroine of "Young April," by Egerton Castle.

The story tells how the young Duke of Rochester, within a month of his twenty-first birthday, is doing the grand tour of Europe with his tutor, who rules him with a rod of iron.

Into the courtyard of the German inn comes a travelling carriage containing a very beautiful young woman (she was twenty-one, and in 1898 we didn't call a young woman of twenty-one a "girl"), no other than Eva Visconti, the opera singer, on her way to the capital, to which the Duke is travelling.

He falls in love with her, steals the wallet with their money and passports from his tutor, and bribes Eva's postillion to let the Duke take his place.

When they take the road, she discovers who the Duke is, and asks him into the carriage to share her luncheon, and he kisses her and she slaps his face.

There arrives just in time to witness this incident Count Gustaf von Neuberg, Captain of the King's Squadron of Life Guards, in full uniform, who is in love with Eva. Thinking her post-boy is taking liberties, Neuberg thrashes him, and then, seeing that the Duke is the Duke, a duel becomes inevitable.

* * *

It takes place at the inn, the Duke is wounded, Eva nurses him, and all three become great friends, and continue together to the capital. By this time the Duke's servant has arrived with his clothes, and the news that the tutor is immobilised through lack of money.

And here in the capital we perceive the whole poignancy of the situation: Eva is in love with Michael Spencer, an English philosopher with a post at the King's court. That is why she accepted an engagement to sing at the capital.

Neuberg is in love with Eva, the Duke is half in love with her, and Spencer doesn't love Eva at all. So we have Eva and her three cavaliers—the Duke; Neuberg, who is dying of love for her, a splendid dashing figure in his blue and silver uniform; and Spencer, who will give her no more than friendship.

The month is the month of April, and the country is clothed in all the beauty of Spring.

At the inn where they first met they all part, and never meet again, but the Duke treasures the memory all his days of that April month of freedom with Neuberg, Eva and Spencer, which was the only period of his life when he was really happy.

It is impossible to describe the charm of the book and of the characters, and, above all, of Eva, so entirely sweet.

Eva is as fresh as the dawn, and we know quite well that she would never have gone to the hunting-box with the King, because, as Neuberg told the Duke, she is as straight as a die.

I can think of no author except Egerton Castle who has depicted quite perfectly the beauty and tragedy and glory of first love, such as the Duke's for Julia, and the faithful love of a man for a woman which endured without hope of reward, such as Neuberg's for Eva.

Once, when I was very young and in the grip of a hopeless love for some girl whose name and appearance I have completely forgotten, my best man friend, who was older than I, said wisely:

"Nothing in love is so wonderful as a beautiful, unrealised passion." He explained it by adding: "You'll always remember her as perfect, whereas, like every other girl, doubtless she has her faults."

In "Young April" Egerton Castle painted for all time the agonies of hopeless love as no one else has done, and also its supreme unselfishness—a virtue, if I may be allowed to say so, confined to male lovers.

* * *

Apart from its gentle and sympathetic analysis of love, the whole charm of the book is concentrated in Eva. Being a *prima donna*, she had as many moods as an April day and was divine in all of them.

She could box the Duke's ears for kissing her, but she could also nurse him when he was feverish from the sword-cut received in the duel with Neuberg.

She could queen it at the gala performance of an opera, and also insist on nursing the little motherless waif that Spencer, who was a doctor among other things, took home one night because its mother had died and it was alone in the world.

When, at the final parting at the frontier, the Duke gravely kissed her hand, she threw her arms round his neck, kissed him on the lips, and left two tears on his cheeks.

I fear very much that my divine Eva is a type of woman which exists no longer. She belonged to those spacious days which will never return. She had an endless generosity which one does not find in a young woman of to-day, for if any of her friends was in difficulty he could have had everything she possessed and the very heart out of her bosom. In addition, Eva was what I call a real man's woman.

Like all great singers, she had abounding vitality and riotous health, and it was this endless vitality which enabled her to exert her indescribable charm over men. She was a real woman physically, too, not one of your plank-shaped modern young ladies, who are so streamlined that one is in doubt whether they are moving forwards or sideways. Eva had generous curves such as a woman was intended to have, and looked adorable in the extremely feminine fashions of her day.

* * *

Let no modern girl who does a job of work despise Eva, because she certainly worked much harder than any secretary or salesgirl. She suffered all the drudgery which is necessary for the making of a great singer, entailing many hours of daily practice. As she once said half-scornfully, half-pityingly to Rochester, who sat amazed listening to her while she practised with her accompanist: "Did you think I just opened my mouth and sang?"

Above all, though giving with both hands, she was intensely grateful for anything any one did for her, and this is a trait in the female character to which any man will always respond.

Nor was she one to hide her affections. She poured them out in a bubbling stream of words, and even the Duke was never left in doubt that although she considered him little more than a charming child, he had her very sincere esteem for his many good qualities. Even though she could not love Neuberg, she left him in no doubt of her affection for him.

My favourite heroine appeals to me not so much because she was beautiful and gifted and loved, as because she had a generous heart and did not feel ashamed to let the fact be known.

Eva illumines the pages of "Young April" like Spring sunshine, and every man who is in love or who has ever been in love ought to make her acquaintance.

Next week:

beginning "My Favourite Hero," by noted women writers.

Greatest of These

Kenneth

"SOBER, industrious, and a good mother," is the character borne by Kenneth's mother, whose husband, an ex-Service man, died three years ago, due to shrapnel in his head.

At the time of his death, Kenneth's youngest sister, now aged three, was only a fortnight old.

The family now consists of nine-year-old Kenneth, his brother, aged six, and two little girls, aged four and three. Their mother finds that as they grow bigger they want more, and she has only 34s. a week coming in. When the pea-picking season is in, she earns a few shillings extra.

In less than twelve months Kenneth's mother has undergone two operations. But her biggest trouble is keeping the roof over her kiddies' heads. "I have a big rent to find every three months," she says, "£3 10s. a quarter, which is very hard to get."

Such sorely-tried wives and widows of our ex-Service men, who struggle along bravely in the face of poverty and ill-health, are so well worth helping, that we feel confident our readers who have so sympathetically helped similar cases in the past will yet again put their hands into their pockets and send donations earmarked "Kenneth."

These, and subscriptions for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

A common cause of restlessness in children is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous fermenting waste-matter natural rest is impossible.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is a pure fruit laxative. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter that has been upsetting him he sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Ask yourself if your child is hampered by poison spreading from unhealthy, clogged bowels? A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make him sweet tempered and happy in a very few hours.

Remember—a child should never miss a day and to ensure this regularity many mothers find there is nothing better than a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is recommended by doctors and nurses. Get a bottle of this safe laxative to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

COLDS GO QUICKER THIS NEW WAY

New Effervescent Tablets Bring Relief from Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Acid Stomach

Whenever you have a cold you can be sure there is excess acid in your system. Doctors say you cannot be healthy unless the alkaline balance of your body is maintained. That's why Colds and 'Flu are so hard to throw off. Ordinary medicines don't affect that excess acid. But here's a new way which shifts Colds like magic:

Drop one of the new 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and you have a pleasant, sparkling drink which quickly neutralizes excess acid. And once the alkaline balance of your system is restored, you've said good-bye to Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion and every Acid Stomach trouble.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or any ordinary medicines. It's perfectly harmless and is not a laxative. It's the last word in Medical Science.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

RHEUMATISM

Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, etc.

Men and women whose limbs have for years been locked in the vice-like grip of rheumatism, find it hard to believe that there could be a really quick cure for such pain.

Yet Fynnon Salt is bringing that blessed relief in thousands of cases every day. Rheumatic sufferers everywhere are telling each other how Fynnon Salt has relieved the most obstinate cases, broken through stubborn resistance and released locked joints until the patient could scarcely believe the good news was true.

The reason Fynnon Salt can heal so rapidly is due to the fact that it is actually composed of not *one* salt but many. Chief among its many curative ingredients are Sodium, Potassium, and the elements of Lithium—all splendid things for rheumatism, sciatica, gout, etc. There's short shrift for pain-causing uric acid when these salts get working in the system. Out it has to go, and with it the other impurities that clog the system and make a perfect breeding ground for rheumatism.

A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water every day is as efficacious as three glasses of health-laden Spa water. It *must* do your rheumatism good. Try a 1/3 tin and see for yourself.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

TO ELDERLY MEN

As a man gets near the sixties the prostate gland may begin to enlarge, and this enlargement offers some obstruction to the passage of urine. This is passed with some little difficulty, and, what is even more important, complete elimination never takes place. The water left behind does not remain clean and pure; it becomes alkaline and offensive, and often sets up a chronic local catarrh where it is retained.

One tablet of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) taken three times a day for ten days, then two a day and finally one a day, will cleanse and disinfect the urine from within.

"I have been taking them (Cystopurin tablets) for three years on my medical man's advice. My trouble is prostate gland. I have derived great benefit from them and take them every day."—MR. H. SAYER, 68, LINDLEY STREET, ACOMB ROAD, YORK.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.24

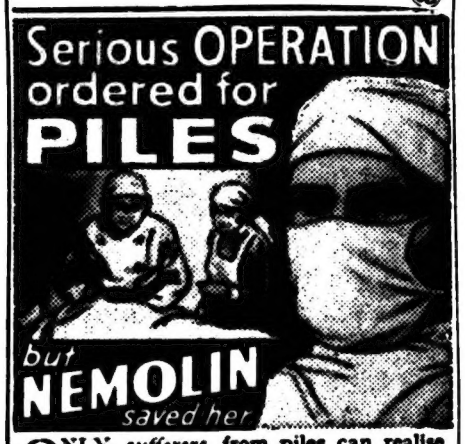
GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



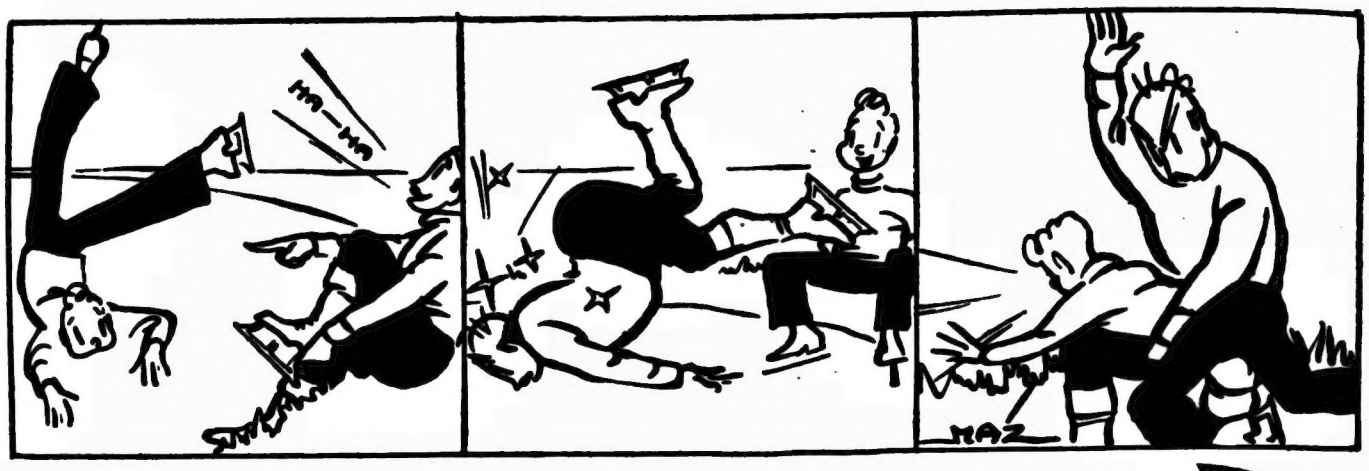
ONLY *sufferers* from piles can realise this Teddington woman's gratitude to 'Nemolin.' Tortured for years with this terrible complaint, Mrs. G. could get no relief. She writes: "I attended——Hospital, and then St.——Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation, but I objected. I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—it's *guaranteed* to bring you rapid relief.

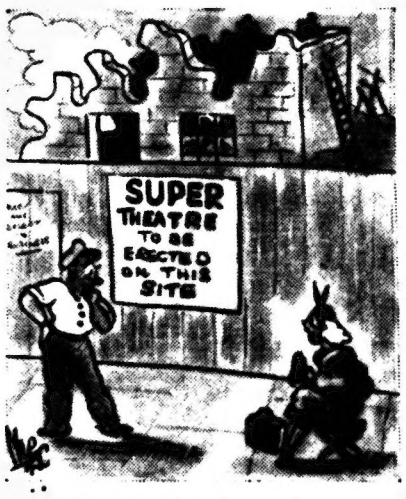
Accept this FREE OFFER

WOULD you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections? A generous sample will be sent to all readers who fill in the Coupon on p. 25 or write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. CC.28), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

Dad . . . Teaches Skating by Maz



The Editor Laughs Last



"You see, I'm always first on opening nights"
(from "The Passing Show")

CHOIRMASTER (Edinburgh). — "A falsetto has the highest possible range." What about a chef on an air-liner?

MRS. S. (Winchester). — "I dislike guests who make fun out of the food I provide for them." It's bad taste.

B. F. (Sidcup).—"He was so persistent that I should buy a bottle of insecticide that at last I did so to get him to go away." And you got rid of the pest.

D. F. (Elstree).—"Will you be kind enough to explain to me how snakes are rendered harmless by music?" Charmed, we're sure.

W. P. (Norwich).—"To make sure that he understood my instructions I jokingly gave him a light smack on the face." So he got it pat?

M. Y. (Dorking).—"He protested that he had specially reserved the seat I was occupying, but I wouldn't listen to his nonsense." You put him in his place?

TRAINER (Southsea). — "He couldn't reply when I told him frankly he had lost the fight through lack of guard." He had no defence.

T. J. (Runcorn).—"In addition to his railway work, a country stationmaster runs a small café in the village." As a sideline, eh?

MRS. E. A. (Camborne).—"My son has become famous throughout the world as a stunt aviator." He's risen to great heights.

HARRY (Stepney). — "Have you ever noticed that when a man has occasion to visit a pawnbroker's shop he does so in a very furtive manner?" He just pops in and out!

CENTRE-FORWARD (Midlands).—"One of our players, who had to come straight to the match from the office, lost his wallet containing £8, but £4 was returned to him by registered post a few days later." Half back.

AIRMAN (Manston).—"Before I was able to pass out as a fully qualified pilot, I had to practise looping the loop for a period of several weeks." Over and over again.

G. M. (Frome).—"What has 1938 in store for us?" Twelve months.

E. N. (Maida Vale).—"Some men spend hours trying to tie a dress bow correctly." A knotty problem.

S. M. (Rugby).—"What ought I to get a good second-hand carpet for?" To put on the floor.

SCHOOLBOY (Reading). — "Our plot to dislodge the headmaster's top-hat failed." It didn't come off!

F. N. (Esher).—"The modern girl motorist knows how to change a tyre." Every Jill has her jack.

J. J. (Leith).—"The Highlander left the court without a stain on his character." Scot free.

H. B. (Hungerford).—"At the party I gave, several grown-up people behaved very strangely and insisted on wearing paper hats." Crackers?

D. C. (Manchester).—"On the first night the pantomime dame was obviously very nervous." The stage fright had stage fright, eh?

JOHN S. (Dundee).—"Men who are continually pocketing things that don't belong to them are downright crooks." A libel on snooker players!

TRAINER (Highbury).—"The average person can't be as supple as a contortionist." Then how does he get in and out of a small two-seater?

INDIGNANT (Bolton).—"If ever I have occasion to go to see my sister, I shall tell her exactly what I think of her." A discourtesy visit.

A. M. F. (Hounslow).—"What can be said of a girl who elopes with her chauffeur?" That she was driven from her home.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CHEMIST (East Yorks).—"You will be pleased to learn that I have been appointed magistrate." So now you dispense justice.

PSYCHOLOGIST (St. Albans).—"It reveals a boastful nature when the eyes are far apart." And the "I's" come close together!

CHEF (Soho).—"Fish should be cooked rapidly and eaten immediately, like the French monks do." Out of the frying-pan straight into the friar.

M. W. (Evershot).—"What do you think I told my landlady after she had lectured me for five minutes about my readiness to switch on the electric fire?" To switch off.

MRS. N. (Nuneaton).—"My husband should not drive a car, as he is always moaning about this, that and the other all the time we are on the road." Wheel and woe!

MISS V. K. (Southend).—"He wedged me in a corner and made it quite impossible for me to do anything but agree to go to his party." You couldn't get out of it.

MAID (Hatfield).—"She infuriates me by making me put the kettle on about twenty times a day, just because she will not wash in lukewarm water." She makes you boil.

HOUSEWIFE (Leeds).—"When I order a pound of steak, my butcher has a habit of giving overweight and charging accordingly, but lately I have stopped that game and make him give exact weight." You insist on your pound of flesh.

Bullets illustrated

Pushing the Pram—*How Many Birth-rate Critics?*

M. B. M. (Leith).—"A woman attracts her husband by her dresses." And distracts him by the same means.

D. N. (Chelsea).—"She knitted a jumper for me, but the neck was too small." Nobody could pull the wool over your eyes.

F. N. (Westgate).—"When I saw the ghost I was rooted to the ground." Didn't your flesh creep?

H. B. (Woodley).—"My tailor has an excellent knowledge of cloths and is a clever salesman." He tells a good yarn!

R. J. A. (Reading).—"My wife has made a pancake eighteen inches in diameter. Is it a record?" Secure one of the twenty-one Radiograms offered on page 39 and find out.

INVALID (Burnley).—"Going round early every morning rousing the workpeople has cost me my health." You knocked yourself up.

U. A. (Gerrard's Cross).—"With regard to the new comedian he has engaged, I can say nothing." He's too funny for words?

D. B. (Liverpool).—"Years ago I remember being robbed by a gang, who, after taking all my money, left me with a huge tree trunk over my chest." It seems as if they properly put it across you.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

Your Happy New Year

JOHN BULL's 12-volume "Practical Home Library"—twelve books that are essential to the happiness and well-being of all the family—*yours absolutely free and post free!* What a glorious start to the New Year! Turn to the centre pages and act at once!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

THE SLOUGH, ETON AND WINDSOR OBSERVER:—". . . has given up the business and it will shortly be RAISED to the ground. . . ."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—". . . but this source of revenue has SWINDLED seriously in recent years."

THE ROMFORD TIMES:—". . . that people who were already in the polling BATHS at 8 p.m. should have been allowed to vote."

BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"In the marriage register the bride described HIMSELF as Nancy. . . ."

D. TELEGRAPH:—". . . wrote to several Members of Parliament concerning MERCHANDISATION of the regiment."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"He added there would be a further provision for the INCARNATION of those who are a real danger to the public. . . ."

WEST LOTHIAN COURIER:—". . . to light the two CANDIDATES on the cake."

"BULLETS" 1,160 RESULT

First Prize, £300 Cash.

F. WRAIGHT, 33, Brompton Lane, Strood, Kent.

Example: WHAT THE WARDER SAID
Bullet: SOMETHING KINDLY—"KINDLED" SOMETHING.

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Mrs. G. RUSHWORTH, 61, Hook Road, Goole.
Example: Leaving No Stone Unturned
Bullet: Except His Heart, War-monger.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £25:

Mrs. L. WILLOUGHBY, Doon Cottage, Great Horwood.
Example: Off Went The Alarm And
Bullet: "Ship" Vanished—"Galley" Reappeared.

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: G. B. PATRICK, 20, Broad Leys Crescent, Hereford.
Hard Master—Whispering "Why Work?"—Satan.

£10: Miss A. GRAHAM, 42, Marshall Street, Grangemouth.
War Risks—Include Civilisation's "Total Loss."

£9 10s.: E. B. CHAPPLE, 16, Woodquest Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.
Success's Cake — Missed — Couldn't Pass Hungry.

£9: L. G. MILLER, "Milhurst," 459d, Maylands Avenue, Romford.
Makes Marriage A Mockery—Divorce? Finishes Marriage Mockeries.

£8 10s.: G. ROSSELL, 85, Easthorpe Street, Ruddington.
Frightening—At "Forty," *Empty* "Road."

£8: J. REEVE, 69, Lawrence Avenue, Mill Hill.
Speed Mania—Unfortunately "Getting Our Children."

£7 10s.: W. H. BARRY, Norwood, Comber Road, Dundonald, Belfast.
Patient Britannia — Spectator — Referee — Policeman—"Football"!

£7: L. NEWTON, 29, Longford Crescent, Bulwell.
When Father Nursed Baby—Held Tight—Hell Loosed!

£6 10s.: F. HALSTEAD, 87, Bridge Street, Bradford.
"Not So Fast!"—Then Sonny *Forgets* Recitation!

£6: F. W. LONG, 160, Shrivenham Road, Swindon.
Justice For All—"Gad, Sir—Reds, Too?"

£5 10s.: F. E. HILLYER, The Square, Stubbington.
Village Caruso—Blacksmith—Till Hammer Slipped!

£5: W. M. SOURLAY, 59, Glamis Road, Forfar.
White As A Sheet—Blackmailer—Except One Eye!

£4 10s.: J. TAYLOR, 68, Ashton Road, Oldham.
When Father Nursed Baby—Watched Clock—Forgot Watch!

£4: F. HENRY, 67, Ivernia Road, Liverpool.
Success's Cake—Recipe, "Butter One Boss—"

£3 10s.: T. THOMAS, 3, Etchingham Road, Stratford, E.
Success's Cake—Formed Chin's "Three Tiers."

£3: W. ALLSOPP, 9, Waterloo Street, Leamington Spa.
Off Went The Alarm And—Dad Automatically Rocked *Clock!*

£2 10s.: W. TERRIS, 45, Queen Street, Edinburgh.
The Birch—Left Missionary "Helpless." Too.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

50 HAMPER WINNERS:

E. Ashforth, Sheffield; W. Barnes, Folkestone; D. Bennett, Edinburgh; F. Broome, Manchester; Mrs. E. Burrows, Leeds; C. V. Cansfield, Bradford; E. Chant, Yeovil; E. Cleaver, Barrow-in-Furness; Miss L. Creek, Toft, Cambs; E. Davies, Birmingham; P. Dominy, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. A. Durham, Mitcheldean; W. Dymond, Birmingham; Mrs. V. Eastwood, Brighton; E. Fildes, Oldham; W. Fleetwood, Manchester; J. Formston, Chester; H. J. Griffith, Pen-y-Groes; A. Griffiths, Glasgow; E. Groom, Raunds; H. Harrison, Glasgow; G. Hill, Mill Hill; H. Hills, Greenwich, S.E.; W. Hitchen, Rotherham; J. Huxtable, Barnstaple; Miss E. Ing, London, N.W.; H. John, Cardiff; J. G. Jones, Forest Gate; Mrs. E. Keast, Montrose; J. Kent, Stockport; A. Lilley, Colchester; A. Lambie, Glasgow; D. Lydford, Bournemouth; L. McAndrew, Liverpool; R. McGuire, Bury; J. S. Mason, Wooler; Miss M. Milbourne, Guernsey; G. Morris, Cardiff; F. Neall, Gt. Harwood; Miss M. Page, London, W.; S. S. Parfitt, Mountain Ash; R. Randolph, London, S.W.; A. Richardson, Margate; D. Ryder, Leeds; J. Savage, Sheffield; E. Shanock, Hampshire; F. S. Smith, Gravesend; J. Talbot, Bristol; E. Wallis, York; T. H. Walters, Swansea.

Each of the above winners of £2 10s. and over also has the choice of a gift as announced. A list of 200 Surprise Award winners and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

Monster Cash and Radiogram Opportunity

BEFORE you to-day is the second great *Bullets* Offer of 1938, with a total of over £1,300 offered in cash prizes and bonuses. At the head of the long prize-list towers another increased £500 First and this splendid fortune is followed by an array of substantial cash prizes, each of whose winners will receive, if they have qualified as directed, a luxurious 25-guinea "Halcyon" All-wave Superhet Radiogram.

A golden Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL's congratulations to the winner of this Contest's fine First Prize on Friday, January 28. Act promptly and there is no reason why that thrilling telegram should not come to *you*.

This fine one-week Offer also brings "Bulleteers" 6,000 opportunities of securing one of the new 1938 Mystery Prizes; capturing one means that you will be invited to join in *Bullets* novel £175 Shooting Tournament.

A few days more and this prize-list of big opportunities will be beyond your reach, so turn to the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the following simple instructions.

Select a few *Examples* and to each one add all the ideas it suggests. Now a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to compress and polish your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, BACKWARD CHILD, had prompted the first comment, *Suffering From Lack of Nourishment, Possibly*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, BACKWARD CHILD—BECAUSE MILK PRICES "ADVANCED"?

Before turning to the *Examples*, study carefully the good points of the leading *Bullets* in Contest No. 1,100 which appear on this page. Then start on your own efforts, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, January 15.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,103)

PILOT NEVILLE
PANIC AT THE WAR OFFICE
ROAD TO UTOPIA
MAN WHO'S DONE
LIFE WOULD BE EASY IF
PROFITEERS FEAR
IN THE DOCTOR'S HANDS
MUSSOLINI'S GAME
TO INCREASE THE SUPPLY
AFTER THE SQUALL
DAREN'T SAY A WORD
WHEN DAD VOLUNTEERED
DARK DAYS
YAWNING
BACKWARD CHILD
YESTERDAY
IN DREAMLAND
TRODDEN ON
LOOKS WICKED
UNNECESSARY
AUNTIE'S PET
AT THIRTY
THE LIMIT
POOR SCORE
ON WENT THE CAR, BUT
HE BROKE HIS WORD AND
LOST HIS BALANCE
TO GRUNDY'S HORROR
CAN'T BE DENIED
HE'S A PATRIOT, SO
ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES
CROCODILE TEARS
CHANGED HER MIND
BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE
MATCH FOR ANYBODY
WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED

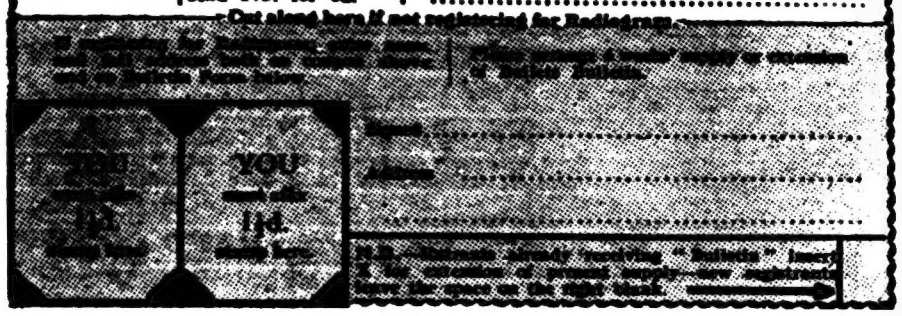
ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Special 25 Gn. Radiogram Bonus Coupon for "Bullets" No. 1,103

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing Postmark SAT., Jan. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced in "John Bull." With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

—Cut along here if not registering for Radiogram—



If not Registering for Bonus, use top half only of above Coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,103) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,059 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. C. Wallis, Newsagent, etc., 2, Field Road, Oxhey, Watford.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,103 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,103, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Oh, My Poor Legs!

"For years it was misery for me to walk; my legs and insteps would swell, and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto, and after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful." Mrs. L——, S——.

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
Etc. etc.

I Simply Must Sit Down

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

The Wonder Tablet

For All Readers of "John Bull"

FREE

A Generous Sample of These Wonder Tablets

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Remedy makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ☆

ELASTO (Dept. 15.H),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser.

ELASTO (Dept. 15.H), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters*).

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

"John Bull," 8/1/38.

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.1

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